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## THE ABDIEL OF PEACE.

THE Army Bill has passed through the French Senate, and in the whole Senate one man alone was found to vote and to speak against it. Among all those faithless Senators M. CHEVALIER alone was faithful to the truth that the "Empire is peace." The very man who uttered the sentiment was forewarned it, and now asks for a million and a quarter of armed men to be placed at his disposal. But M. CHEVALIER is much more of a Wilkesite than WILKES himself, and is determined, in spite of everything, to believe that the reign of the NAPOLEONS is the end of war. M. CHEVALIER is the very ideal of the Opposition speaker whom such a ruler as the EMPEROR loves. A Senate in which even a single man has been found to say what he said is very different from a Senate where all keep silence and merely register the decrees of their master. He opposed, and he opposed honestly, enthusiastically, with an evident belief in what he said and a passion for the cause he advocated. But then all his opposition was on the side of the EMPEROR. It was in order that the Empire should be faithful to its traditions that he wished that the EMPEROR should rely on the true source of strength, and should carry out views to which he has a thousand times proclaimed his adherence. An opposition of this sort is delightful to a wise sovereign, more especially when it is sure to be wholly ineffectual. It was the plague of the First NAPOLEON's life that he never could get such a man to oppose him as M. CHEVALIER. He was kept in a fever of irritation by finding that all clever speakers and writers were against him, and that all the speakers and writers who were for him were inexpressibly dull and tame. It must be a real satisfaction to his nephew that the only desire of an able and sincere opponent is that he should be great in peace rather than in war. But as he has made up his mind to have a new Army Bill, he has got one. It is very unpopular in every class and circle, except in that of the high authorities of the army, who hope now to be able to curl their moustaches in a satisfactory way as they pass Prussian Generals at Baden-Baden. The peasantry dislike the Bill altogether. They think it oppressive, harsh, and burdensome; so much so that a special instrument of conversion has been invented to bring their minds into the right path; and a little tract sold for a trifle, and said to be written by the pen or under the command of the EMPEROR himself, has been distributed through the whole country, in which the reasons are stated why the Bill was necessary and wise. The peasants read this little work, but they read it as persons read advertisements of what is called "Painless Dentistry." What is said may be all very clever and true, but still having a tooth out seems very dreadful. In the higher ranks, those who fear lest taxation should cripple industry observe that this Army Bill has its accompaniment in a Budget with a deficit, with a prospect of an expenditure permanently increased, and with a loan of seventeen millions sterling, of which all but a fraction is to be applied in some vague grand kind of military expenditure. M. CHEVALIER, however, produced no impression on the Senate, and probably a large portion of those who voted against him were sincere in their decision. When a Government says that it must have this or that military force in order to maintain the dignity and safety of the country, very few persons like to incur the responsibility of opposing the application. And the French are now much moved by the natural consideration that they have paid and sacrificed so very much for a military despotism that it would be the silliest thing in the world to stop short just at the last, and to have the despotism without the military strength which ought to make it respected and feared abroad. A little more severity in the conscription, and a few more millions of fixed and floating debt,

do not seem so very terrible when it needs, as it is said, only this last addition to procure an army of which France shall be proud.

M. CHEVALIER, however, had much to say that was of a more general import than the consideration of the particular measure under discussion. He asked the Senate to believe that peace was becoming more and more secure and permanent, and that there was really every year less reason to provide against war on a great scale. It is a question that concerns deeply the whole civilized world whether this is true or not. Two of the reasons for thinking that the peace of the world becomes better and better assured, on which M. CHEVALIER dwelt strongly, appear to us to a large extent well founded. What may be termed the Exhibition argument is only a silly way of putting a really just observation. All the flourishes about temples of peace and glorifications of bazaars were, for the most part, sheer nonsense; but if the same thought is put soberly, it is indisputable that, as nations are bound together by the ties of industry and trade, as nations begin to know each other better, to understand better the wants, difficulties, resources, the general strength and weakness of each other, they are much less inclined to go to war with each other. We cannot fancy going to war for a mere opinion in these days, and in order to put down the sentiments of the French or any other nation; for there is so much interchange of thought now in the civilized world that if certain strong opinions were held in France, they would probably be shared here, or at any rate a large number of Englishmen would try to understand them, and do justice to those who held them. We cannot, again, believe that a war could break out between France and England, or between the United States and England, without great opposition in both the countries concerned from those classes whose pecuniary interests are more especially bound up in the continuance of peace. But there was an argument urged by M. CHEVALIER which seems to us of still greater importance, and which we are especially glad to hear from the lips of a Frenchman. He invited his hearers to notice that France was no longer supreme in Europe. It was, he said, very mischievous to France herself, and to Europe generally, that there should be any supremacy of the sort, and the battle of Sadowa was thus almost as great a gain to France as to Prussia. We, in England, as M. CHEVALIER truly observed, have long since made up our minds that supremacy in Europe is a thing which in old days we may have struggled for, and temporarily attained, but which we cannot have now, and which we in no way desire to have. It is much better and happier in every way that the great Powers of Europe should hold each other in check, than that first this and then that nation should try to be supreme, and should provoke other nations to fight in order to terminate its supremacy. So far, therefore, M. CHEVALIER was right, we think, in saying that the prospects of peace were gradually improving; but, unfortunately, there is a consideration the other way which makes us pause before we can hope that the military establishments of the great European nations during peace are likely to be much reduced. The whole art of modern warfare is to be able to strike a sudden tremendous blow—to be ready at once, not only to attack, but to attack in enormous strength. The very disposition for peace makes nations long for short wars, and the way to have a short war is to be able to win a battle like Sadowa within a month after war has broken out. It is said that the Prussian plan last spring, if war had then broken out, was to collect the whole forces available, and march straight on Paris. If we went to war with France, the aim of the French would be to deal us at once some heavy, effective blow, like the destruction of Plymouth or Portsmouth. If we went to war with the United States, the first step taken by the Americans would be at once to

send a hundred thousand men into Canada, whither we should gradually send a regiment or two of the Guards to dislodge them. The Italians, at their late political crisis, were brought at once to a sense of their real position when they found how very easily the French could occupy any point of the Papal territory, and what few, ill-supplied, uncertain soldiers Italy could find at a moment's notice for the same purpose. But to make or to resist sudden attacks of this kind involves an enormous outlay and great burdens during peace, and it is precisely because he insists that France ought to be in a position to make or resist such an attack, that the EMPEROR asks for that fresh expenditure of men and money which fills the peaceful soul of M. CHEVALIER with so much vexation.

It seems almost impossible for a Frenchman to confine himself within moderate bounds when he is arguing, and he is led away irresistibly by the passion for great ideas on which he piques himself. M. CHEVALIER could not be satisfied without drawing a quaint argument for peace out of speculation on the remote future. Within thirty-two years, he said, Russia and the United States will each have a population of a hundred millions, and if these two Powers unite they could simply crush the whole of the rest of the civilized world. The only way to stave off the danger is for the rest of the civilized world to become united in itself. France and Prussia should never dream of such madness as going to war with each other. They ought to accumulate their forces until the year nineteen hundred, and then join in using them against their two gigantic enemies. Speculations of this sort are amusing, but they exercise no practical influence whatever. We must, in human life and in human politics, admit that the evil of the day is sufficient for it. France cannot be diverted from thinking of the immediate consequences of Sadowa to herself by dreaming of what may happen in the next century. If we once enter on remote possibilities there is no end to the futile speculations into which we are tempted to wander. We cannot really picture to ourselves what the United States would be with a population of a hundred millions. We do not know what ideas would prevail in it, what government would rule it, what policy would guide it. We can a little better picture to ourselves what Russia would be like with a hundred millions of population, for we know that, to get such an accession of population in the time, it must go on absorbing new tribes in Western and Central Asia, or must have managed to incorporate a large slice of Turkey in its dominions. The latter it can scarcely do quietly, and without provoking a war during the very time when M. CHEVALIER advises every one to keep the peace; and if Russia merely goes on adding to its list of nominal subjects new tribes of Asiatic barbarians, we can only wish it joy of them. M. CHEVALIER may, however, be right in thinking that a far-fetched speculation would tell well with his own countrymen, but to English critics it seems to weaken the general effect of what he said. It is impossible not to wish that France had not taken this great step towards a general increase of the armaments of Europe, and the whole plan of providing for new military forces in time of peace by loans entails a disastrous system of finance. Although the EMPEROR himself sincerely wishes for peace, yet there are moments when every despotic ruler is tempted to go to war, and the new Army Bill gives the ruler of France a gigantic instrument of war, which is entirely at his own disposal. But the EMPEROR wished for it, and he has had his way. France has no choice but to obey, and as the people get used to the burden they will bear it more patiently, and few of those who suffer most under the Bill will remember that M. CHEVALIER opposed it, or will be grateful to him even if memory happens to bring back his eloquent oration.

#### ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

ALL the advocates of limited or indefinite concessions to the United States have, in the recent controversy, assumed, probably not without reason, the existence in America of a strong and almost universal feeling of unfriendliness to England. That the brooding hostility of one great nation to another involves danger to the more vulnerable State is sufficiently obvious; but there may be wide differences of opinion both as to the extent and imminence of the risk, and as to the most effectual means of calming the irritation which prevails. The actual or impending quarrel has the remarkable peculiarity of being entirely one-sided. After undergoing eighty years of vituperation, and six or seven years of incessant insult and menace, Englishmen have never, except on occasions of extraordinary provocation, cherished feelings of animosity to America. If injustice has been at

any time committed on this side, it has been founded on error; while doubtful acts on the part of the American Government have always been interpreted by diplomatic and popular expressions of challenge and defiance. It is possible that the unqualified submission which is recommended by some politicians—and which is entirely distinct from a readiness to accept the judgment of an impartial arbitrator on disputed points—might obtain the condonation, in any particular case, of the alleged offence; but it is assuredly not worth while to sacrifice English self-respect to American susceptibility unless the heavy price which must be paid is to be accepted in full discharge of all demands. If Lord STANLEY, without waiting for the result of a reference to arbitration, were to admit that England, and every other State in Europe, had committed a wrongful act in recognising the Federal blockade of the Confederate ports, and if he were also to acknowledge the liability of his Government for all damages caused by the *Alabama*, he might probably satisfy the immediate exigency of Mr. SEWARD; but it is doubtful whether he would purchase even an intermission of the hostile words and acts which alarm the timid, and make prudent men anxious. There is nothing surprising in Mr. MORLEY's statement that the rupture of the *Alabama* negotiations was welcomed by the most bitter adversaries of England with an eagerness proportionate to their enmity; and it seems to follow that, if one pretext for a quarrel had been removed, some new cause of offence would have been speedily discovered or invented. It might have been expedient to strengthen the hands of the friends of England, if such a party had existed; but the motives which induce reasonable Americans to desire the maintenance of peace are entirely unconnected with any disposition to run counter to popular prejudice. Mr. NEWMAN HALL indeed found, or believes himself to have found, during his recent visit to the United States, that in private society kindly sentiments towards the old country were still widely cultivated; but no such charitable feeling is ever publicly uttered in a book or a newspaper, a speech or a sermon. Americans of the better class are, in their personal relations, eminently amiable, hospitable, and generous; and Mr. NEWMAN HALL would have been cordially received even if he had not been justly esteemed a dissident from the political opinions which were erroneously attributed to his countrymen. It may perhaps have occurred to a zealous English partisan of America, as a curious national distinction, that there are no Lord HOBARTS in the United States.

The American people are more unanimous in their professions of anger against England than in their assignment of the causes of their wrath. Mr. NEWMAN HALL's friends confined their complaints to the affair of the *Alabama*, while Lord HOBART insists on the supposed wrongfulness of the QUEEN'S Proclamation; and Mr. MORLEY contends that Mr. SEWARD's claim, if it is not instantly conceded, will inevitably be enforced on some favourable occasion. Other recent visitors to America are convinced that the general desire is not to obtain any specific reparation, but to humble England in revenge for the supposed sympathy which was felt for the South during the civil war. The object would have been partially attained by the extortion of diplomatic retractations and apologies, but many Americans, forming perhaps a majority of the population, prefer that existing disputes should remain open, in the hope that some English embarrassment may furnish an opportunity of gratifying animosity. In the meantime every alleged injury, with the exception of the equipment of the *Alabama*, has been repaid tenfold in kind. The encouragement afforded by all parties to the Fenian conspiracy, the wild invectives of journalists and public speakers, and the unanimous vote of the House of Representatives for a Bill to abolish the laws of neutrality, are stronger proofs of hostility than the Proclamation of 1861, or than the more or less erroneous estimates which were formed in England of the comparative military resources of the North and of the South. The hope of full revenge is to be gratified by the despatch of innumerable cruisers to plunder English commerce, under the flag of any nation which may be engaged in a war with England. Mr. CHANDLER lately proposed in the Senate to select the Emperor of ABYSSINIA as the first recognised belligerent, and he announced that whole fleets of armed vessels were ready to imitate, under Abyssinian colours, the exploits of the *Alabama*. Although the proposal was not seriously considered, a similar measure is contemplated as expedient whenever England goes to war with any civilized Power; but it is doubtful whether the nature of the menace has been fully considered, either by those who propose to carry it into effect or by their destined victims. Throughout the whole of the pending controversy it has



been assumed, by both Governments, that the wilful despatch by a neutral of armed vessels for the service of a belligerent would furnish to the injured party a just cause of war. The dispute respecting the *Alabama*, and other ships which were equipped under different circumstances, turned exclusively on the facts of each separate case. The English Government never claimed, and the American Government never accused it of claiming, the right to arm Confederate cruisers in neutral ports. When New York shipowners talk of recouping their losses by fitting out whole squadrons of steamers to prey on English commerce, they threaten, not unfriendly or irregular neutrality, but open war. If the Government of Washington were to sanction the despatch of a single cruiser, it would already have resolved on a direct rupture; and therefore the danger to be apprehended is a declaration of war to be issued without any provocation except that which is already complete. It may be, in some instances, excusable in a weaker Power to reserve a grievance for some favourable opportunity, as Piedmont waited for a quarrel between France and Austria from 1849 to 1859, and as Italy waited for a quarrel between Prussia and Austria from 1859 to 1866. It is for the people of the United States to consider whether their dignity is consulted by politicians who, holding that they have a sufficient ground for war against England, forbear to exercise their right until they can secure the alliance of some foreign Power. The panic of English alarmists may perhaps be calmed by an inquiry whether it is probable that the American Government will engage in an unjust war of aggression. Every Englishman will readily admit that England would have more to lose than to gain in such a conflict, for the simple reason that Canada is within reach of the United States, while no American territory is, for any useful purpose, assailable by England. The possible conquest, by a foreign Power, of a great and loyal colony would undoubtedly be a national mortification, but the material loss would be insignificant. In a maritime war the English navy would hold its own, and the injury to commerce would be reciprocal, and perhaps equal. The utmost that American hostility could accomplish would be the acquisition, by mere force, of a province, which would be justly and permanently disaffected to the lawless conqueror. If American agitators have any solid meaning in their threats, they must intend to invade the English dominion in Canada. The danger is real and considerable, but it is not so immeasurable as to justify a panic. The more enthusiastic among English partisans of the United States seem always to believe that American statesmen have no conscience; but they go too far when they assume that the objects of their admiration are as impolitic as they are unscrupulous.

A war with England would involve an enormous addition to the army, to the navy, and to the national debt of the United States. When the maintenance of the Union was at stake, the American Government surprised the world by the unlimited resources in men and money which were available for the struggle. Recruits were always forthcoming, although in the latter part of the war each soldier cost, in addition to his pay and rations, about fifteen hundred dollars in the shape of bounties; and loans and taxes were voted by Congress as fast as they were demanded by the President. If the same issue were once more raised, former sacrifices would be repeated or exceeded; but the evils of war and of debt have been better understood since the peace, and it is scarcely probable that new burdens would be readily assumed for the purpose of wreaking an irrational vengeance, or even of accomplishing an unjust conquest. The weight of taxation is severely felt, and all attempts to discharge the principal of the debt will for the present probably be abandoned. The revenue which Congress will consent to levy will only be sufficient to provide for the expenses of administration, and for the interest of the debt. A war with England would deprive the Government of the greater part of its Customs' receipts, while it would render a large addition to the revenue indispensable. The credit of the United States will always be negotiable on more or less onerous terms; but at present American securities pay about eight per cent. to a purchaser, and the growing popularity of repudiation will not increase the confidence of the Money-market. If the honour or interest of the country were engaged in a quarrel, the people of the United States would not wait to count the cost; but serious politicians will consider the consequences before wantonly commencing a mere war of spite. Canada would not be surrendered without a struggle which would tax even the undoubted energies of the invader; and if British North America were ultimately wrested from the Crown, England would have in turn become invulnerable to American attacks. It would

be imprudent to taunt a great and high-spirited nation with the limits which are imposed by circumstances on its means of offence, but it is not unnecessary to reassure a peaceful community against the vague fear which has been inspired in some quarters by American menaces. The unfortunate animosity which prevails may perhaps be incurable; yet it seems but just to assume that there are some minds in America which are open to argument, and that it may not be absolutely useless to examine the real grounds of a resentment which was never anticipated or wilfully provoked. Appeals to reason may not improbably fail in their effect, but humble deprecation of a revenge which is assumed to be just will only invite aggression. Recent history fades so rapidly from the memory in stirring times that the conduct of the English Government and people at the commencement of the civil war is perhaps but imperfectly understood. On a future occasion it may perhaps appear that the moral justification of the national proceedings was even more complete than the diplomatic apology.

#### MR. MILNER GIBSON AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

MR. MILNER GIBSON has been attending a meeting of his constituents at Ashton-under-Lyne, to give, what is termed, an account of his stewardship. He spoke with volubility, fulness, and confidence on a great variety of political topics, and he seemed to know so much about everything, and to be so sure of all he knew, that one of his hearers was prompted to ask him how it happened that Mr. GIBSON spoke so little last Session when the Reform Bill was under discussion. His views were sound and grand, but his performances in Parliament had been meagre. Mr. GIBSON prudently forbore to reply. Most people could easily supply the answer, which they would think a simple one, and would say that Mr. GIBSON probably did not speak much last Session on Reform because he had nothing to say which any one cared to hear. But we suspect there is another reason of a more private, or at any rate local, kind. He has been spoilt by Ashton-under-Lyne. He finds there an auditory such as he can find nowhere else. The House of Commons cannot be got to see that perpetual fun in his remarks which is apparent to his enthusiastic constituents. There never were such nice persons to address as these Ashton Liberals. They will enjoy, and laugh at, everything. The whole of Mr. GIBSON's speech as reported is studded with parentheses indicating that his hearers interrupted him with laughter. Now we can judge for ourselves what his jokes were like. They are reported in print, and any one can read them, and, after reading them, we may fairly say that Mr. GIBSON is the luckiest man in the whole House of Commons, and that constituents who could see anything to laugh at in what he said are perfectly invaluable. Nothing is so pleasant as to have to address an audience brimful of merriment, and ready to catch the point of a joke before it is made. Mr. GIBSON said that the Parliamentary system seemed out of joint. His audience thought this in the highest degree funny, and laughed. He went on to say that the Tories obtained office by opposing Reform, and retain office by supporting it, and his audience laughed again. We should not have thought there were any human beings who could have found anything novel and comic in a platitude which must have been publicly uttered at least several hundred times since last August; but the Ashton people are like the guests at a dinner-party who roared with amusement when THEODORE HOOK asked for "mustard," and they can find a joke in anything. They even thought it droll when Mr. GIBSON went on to say that Mr. BRIGHT had really more to do with the Reform Bill than Mr. DISRAELI had. All this only brings home to us more and more strongly the great truth, which is of cardinal importance in politics, that the provinces are not to be judged by London. It is far too much the habit of those who live in the metropolis to assume that the inhabitants of provincial towns have the same notions and feelings, and measure men and things by the same standards, that prevail in London. No mistake could be greater. When a fixed idea gets into the provincial mind it is ineradicable. For some unknown reason, the people of Ashton think Mr. GIBSON a humorous, comical man. They are not to be shaken in that opinion. They stick to it, and act upon it; and they laugh at and applaud and make merry over that new, pregnant, witty conceit of their representative that the Tories retain office by supporting the Reform Bill.

To the non-provincial mind the whole point and value of Mr. GIBSON's speech, so far as the most complimentary criticism can attach either point or value to it, seems to lie in quite the

opposite direction. It is instructive, and almost worth reading, because it sums up the commonplace thoughts of a commonplace Liberal. It enables us to see how things are likely to go, so far as the opinions of the ordinary unimaginative Liberal are likely to determine their going. When we read the speeches of Mr. BRIGHT or Mr. GLADSTONE we can never be sure that what they tell us does not in some measure spring from the impulses of a sanguine and enthusiastic genius. But we are quite certain that there are no disturbing influences of the kind when we read what Mr. GIBSON has to say. His thoughts on a subject like Reform are pretty nearly what the thoughts of the Liberal party will be in the next few years; and as this party will necessarily be very powerful, we can guess with tolerable accuracy how the next Parliament will regard the Reform Bill that will have called it into existence. A more dreary prospect, for those who believe in safeguards, it would be difficult to conceive. Mr. GIBSON is strong against the rate-paying clauses; he denounces the representation of minorities; he is vehement for the Ballot, and he is equally vehement against villages being permitted to continue sending members to Parliament. He is also against the hard and fast line of a 12*l.* rating in counties, and said that the county franchise must be lowered, and that the present limit rests, according to the confession of the Conservatives themselves, upon no principle. We will leave aside for the present the much vexed question of the representation of minorities. The arguments for it do not appear to us to be convincing; but Liberals who are unquestionably liberal, and Conservatives who are unquestionably intelligent, uphold the principle on which it is based, and it may be left to experience to show how the system works, and whether a new Parliament will like it or not. But, on the other points, it is a serious matter to look forward to the pressure which Mr. GIBSON and all the throng of unimaginative, commonplace Liberals will put on the Government that shall attempt to guide the new Parliament. In the face of it can it be expected that the ratepaying clauses will endure? It may be well urged that there is no shadow of argument for them, and that no theoretical difference can be drawn between a poor man paying the rate-collector regularly and a poor man paying his baker regularly. He does but discharge one of the few debts which his slender credit enables him to contract. But this, we own, is merely a matter of opinion. What is more than a matter of opinion is, that all Liberal leaders, from the head to the tail, from Mr. GLADSTONE to Mr. GIBSON, are against the continuance of the ratepaying clauses. The electors cannot wish them to continue; the owners of property, the municipal authorities, the collectors, are all dead against them. The only use of them is to persuade a few persons like Mr. GATHORNE HARDY that they put a little Conservative seasoning into the democratic soup which they found themselves obliged to make; and, when this very small and transitory purpose is served, the clauses will die away as quickly and surely as the smiles died away on the cheeks of the Ashton electors when Mr. GIBSON left off speaking. A new redistribution of seats and a lowering of the county franchise will inevitably follow. Whether a distinct move for the Ballot also will be introduced into a new Parliament it is more difficult to say, for the Liberal party is not quite united on the subject. But Mr. GIBSON showed that, when he advocated it, he was prepared to advocate it on other than the old grounds. A new style of argument about the Ballot will, we hope, be adopted on both sides. The only question of any importance is, whether its results would be beneficial. That it is un-English is immaterial. Nothing can possibly be more English than for nearly the whole population of a borough to get drunk on the day of an election, but this does not make it a good custom. If, as Mr. GIBSON says, quiet, honest voters of all parties, and Conservatives as much as Liberals, would benefit by it, if there would be less corruption, drunkenness, and bribery at elections if the Ballot were introduced, then let us hope the Ballot will soon be an English institution; and if this is not true—and it has not yet been proved to be true—then let us keep things as they are now.

Mr. GIBSON had also something to say about Ireland, and here again what he said was worth noticing, because it indicates the spirit and tone in which the ordinary commonplace Liberal will approach that great question of dealing with the Irish Church which we must all approach before long. Mr. GIBSON was entirely against using the revenues of the Irish Church to pay the priests. This might have been a good plan once, he said, but it is out of date now. He thinks that the right plan is to take away all endowments from all religious bodies in Ireland. That Mr. GIBSON thinks so

will probably not produce the slightest shade of alteration in the opinion of any single person who thinks that the proper thing is for the State to pay the priests. But it may very considerably affect their views as to the probability of carrying such a proposal. Even those who do not think that the priests ought to be paid must acknowledge that the arguments in favour of paying them are very strong, and that a large proportion of those who can make the most pretence to statesmanship among us are in favour of settling the question in this way. But where is the motive power to come from by which the plan could be carried in Parliament? The priests do not wish to be paid. In time they might come to think more favourably of the project, and their fortitude might not hold out against the temptation of a handsome sum of ready money being offered to them year by year. But, at any rate, they will not agitate for the payment now. On the contrary, they will oppose it, and proclaim loudly that they do not wish to be paid. The Irish Protestants will not be very eager to force on their adversaries money which they have till now believed to be rightfully their own; and in England and Scotland the great bulk of Protestants will exclaim loudly against giving money to propagate error. Those, too, who dislike all endowments given by the State to religious bodies will, of course, be against a proposal so alien to their feelings; as also will be those who think that all money given to priests is so much of pure waste. All this has been for some time obvious, and has been often said. But we can now go a step further. We can anticipate that the ordinary commonplace Liberal will be strongly against the project. He cannot find anything to harmonize with his views and feelings in the notion of the State paying priests in order to control them. It is too recondite, too far-fetched, too nearly allied to statecraft for him. He prefers the easier, simpler, more comprehensible system of giving nothing to anybody. Mr. GIBSON is an excellent type of this sort of person, and what he said on the head of Ireland seemed to meet with the approval of his audience. He certainly cheered them with a capital joke by saying that he wished that he, Mr. GIBSON, could personally convert the whole of Ireland, and they naturally enjoyed this very much. But it was not only, so far as we can gather, the merry thought that tickled them; they thought he was right; and in the settlement of the difficult question of what to do with the revenues of the Irish Church the opinion of places like Ashton will have great weight, not only because of the importance of such places, but because their influence will not, apparently, be counterbalanced by any strong opinions the other way.

#### THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

THE Directors and Auditors of the Caledonian Company have severally published comments on the Report of the Committee of Investigation; and, as might have been expected, they dispute the justice of the proposed readjustment of their accounts. The controversy is so far interesting that it turns almost entirely on the principles of railway finance, as both parties assert or admit the accuracy of the disputed items, although they differ as to the appropriation of charges. The dispute affects a sum of 179,161*l.* 18*s.* 2½*d.*; but it is not denied that the amount, including the odd halfpenny, has been spent for the purposes of the undertaking. If the Directors and Auditors were wrong in charging the payments to the capital account, the dividends for two years past have exceeded the net earnings of the railway; but it is contended that the apportionment of outlay has been strictly conformable both to the general practice of Railway Companies and to theoretical accuracy. The Auditors add the personal argument that the accountants must have recently changed their opinion, inasmuch as they have themselves approved, in auditing the accounts of certain other Companies, of the principles which they advise the Committee of Caledonian Shareholders to condemn. The statement, if it is correct, may perhaps impair the authority of the accountants; but when professional opinion changes, the presumption is in favour of its latest conclusions. As no dishonesty is imputed to the Directors or officers of the Caledonian Company, it is only necessary to determine whether they have kept their accounts on an erroneous system. The question is important to the shareholders, as a decision on one side or the other would represent a difference of thirty or forty per cent. in the selling price of their property. No person who has ever held a railway share is likely to adopt the newfangled doctrine that all the outlay of every Company should be provided directly from revenue. If an estate producing ten thousand a year can



be considerably improved by an expenditure of ten thousand pounds, a judicious owner will procure and employ the necessary sum, without thinking it requisite to subject himself and his family to temporary starvation. The land, like a railway, is worth nothing but for its produce, nor has the owner, as such, any available fund at his disposal except the actual or anticipated income; but if he has farm-buildings to erect and wet soil to drain, it may be in the highest degree prudent to draw on his capital account. If, indeed, a man saves three-fourths of his income to invest in purchases or improvements, he will be so much the richer; but Railway Boards are not justified, as trustees, in imposing on their shareholders the sacrifices which a private capitalist is at liberty to assume to himself. If the 179,161*l.* 18*s.* 2½*d.* properly belonged to revenue, the Directors would have been guilty of a breach of duty in applying the sum to the erection of stations or the purchase of engines.

The Caledonian Directors quote at length, in justification of their own conduct, a despatch addressed in 1864 by Sir C. Wood to the Viceroy of India, on the question of placing to capital or revenue account certain charges incurred by the East Indian Railway Company. The document is entitled to attention, both on account of the great financial experience of the Secretary of State, and because the decision affected, not two different columns of a balance-sheet, but the respective rights and liabilities of the Government of India and of the East Indian Railway Company. An apportionment between two independent parties, having separate though not conflicting interests, is likely to be more carefully considered than the scientific distribution of a single set of accounts. The Government of India, having guaranteed the payment of interest on the sum expended on the railway, had nearly the same motive with the shareholders for keeping down the capital account; and Sir C. Wood's despatch contains an official adjudication on the whole matter in dispute. He directs the GOVERNOR-GENERAL to allow as items of capital outlay the cost of some engine-lighting furnaces, and of the conversion of a blind siding into a through siding; and he adds that the expense of all new constructions, and of all additions to existing works, is to be charged in future to the same account. In the same manner and for the same reasons the substitution of iron sleepers for wood, and the addition of new carriages and engines to the locomotive stock, is to be debited to the capital account, while the railway itself, and the rolling stock, are to be maintained and replaced from revenue only. It is, indeed, surprising that any doubt should have existed as to propositions so simple. As the works and the plant can only be provided in the first instance out of capital, it is the most arbitrary of assumptions that the purchase ought to be completed before the line is opened. As Sir C. Wood observes, increasing traffic always necessitates fresh outlay; and the final closing of a capital account, either at the opening of the line or at any other given period, would, if it were possible, be fraught with injury to all parties. When steel rails are laid down instead of iron, the difference of expense is as much a part of the cost of construction as the original price of the inferior material. Mr. HAWKSHAW is practically right in his opinion that it is better to err in overcharging revenue than in relieving income at the expense of capital; but it is still more certain that it is better not to err in either direction.

One of the largest items which the Caledonian shareholders' accountants propose to charge to revenue is a sum of 28,676*l.* for the renewal of bridges, by the substitution of stone and iron for timber. The engineer had estimated the difference of cost between the old and new materials at 52,000*l.*; and the Board has, in fact, only charged 31,000*l.* to capital. In this case, therefore, the error has, according to Mr. HAWKSHAW, been in the right direction; and the accountants, as was acknowledged by the Chairman of the Committee of Investigation at the meeting held this week at Glasgow, have evidently been misled as to the facts of the case. A more doubtful charge relates to the renewal of the permanent way of the Scottish Central Railway, which was purchased by the Caledonian Company in 1865. It is admitted on all hands that renewals are in ordinary circumstances chargeable to revenue, but the Directors appear to have known that the line was in bad repair, and to have treated the first expense of setting it in order as part of the purchase-money. In this and in other disputed cases, their intentions had been approved, on full explanation, by the shareholders; but it is, on the whole, desirable that Boards should, like Ministers of State, be held responsible even for a policy which they have persuaded the assemblies to which they are responsible to adopt. Non-shareholders or

possible purchasers are much more nearly interested than the proprietors in the accuracy of railway balance-sheets. The shareholders, in the absence of fraud, receive the earnings of the railway, either in cash or in the shape of improvement to their property; but if the dividend is fed at the expense of capital, the Share List becomes a delusion. It is unpleasant to find that honest and well-informed persons can deduce from the same figures results which would make a difference of forty per cent. in the Caledonian dividend. At present the Directors and Auditors have the best of the argument; but shareholders would prefer that their incomes, and the value of their property, should not depend on a prejudice or a crotchet. The Directors of the Brighton and South Coast Company have lately discussed the controversy between capital and revenue in a Report which would have commanded more respect if it had been written in a tone less controversial and angry. The Brighton Directors seem to think that all outlay on old lines ought to be charged to revenue; but in calmer moments they would probably be satisfied with the harmless proposal of their Auditors, that all proposals for fresh outlay of capital should be submitted to the shareholders.

The premium account, which has provided for the interest of unproductive capital expended on new lines, presents some doubtful features. The money is derived from the issue of stock, and it certainly forms a portion of the capital. The most prudent English Railway Companies pay out of their revenue interest on all unproductive capital, or, in other words, the Company taxes itself in anticipation of future earnings. When the stock, including the prospective addition, is considerably above par, a proportionate allotment of new capital gives a bonus to every shareholder, and it may be worth while to risk a fractional reduction of dividend for the sake of enlarging a profitable investment. If the Caledonian Company had issued its new shares at par, there would have been no premium account, inasmuch as the premiums would have passed straight into the pockets of the shareholders. The course which was actually adopted produced nearly the same result, by saving the shareholders from the charge for interest as long as the new stock continued to be unproductive. On the whole, the Caledonian Board have incurred little discredit in consequence of the recent inquiry. The accusations which gave rise to the investigation have been disproved, and on the substituted issue they may perhaps obtain a favourable verdict from their constituents. It is in the highest degree improbable that any body of proprietors should reopen closed accounts for the purpose of replacing a sum claimed for capital which has already been distributed as dividend. To other charges urged by the Committee of Investigation, the Directors reply that, although the purchases of the Scottish Central and of the Great North of Scotland lines may not have been directly profitable, they were necessary measures of protection against rival Companies. It is perfectly true that the Edinburgh and Glasgow Company had frequently attempted to secure the possession of the Scottish Central; and when the key of a large district is in the hands of one Company, no legislative provisions will ensure to a rival equal competition. The late treaty with the North British Company will probably meet with the approval of the Caledonian shareholders, and it is not the fashion at present to consider the interests of the public. Amalgamations of lateral and competing lines mean higher rates, fewer and slower trains, and general indifference to the accommodation of a district; but it is extremely probable that the establishment, by the two great Scottish Companies, of a common purse will increase the future dividends.

#### THE FRENCH BUDGET.

THE fact that M. MAGNE's first Report after his resumption of office contains a proposal for a loan is one for which the Minister is not altogether responsible. For years the financial condition of France has been ripening for a loan, and the vast increase in the military expenditure has only accelerated the process. If M. FOULD had lived, and had continued in office, he could scarcely have postponed the necessity of borrowing, for even he would have inevitably failed to shake the determination of the EMPEROR to add to the military strength of the country in the face of the organization of Germany. The opposition to the proposed increase in the severity of the conscription addressed itself to the method by which the desired development of the army was proposed to be effected; but, on the mere financial question, an overwhelming majority of the nation would probably have approved of any amount of expenditure upon rifled cannon, Chassepôts,

and other military preparations. So it was rather M. MAGNE's misfortune than his fault that it fell to him to propose a loan. He has fulfilled with admirable perspicacity the duty of explaining why a loan is wanted; and, indeed, he has so far travelled (perhaps unavoidably) beyond his brief as to make it evident, not only that a loan must be raised now, but that an ever-recurring series of loans must be the normal policy of a Financial Minister under the Empire. The Report on the present situation and future prospects of the Imperial Exchequer is instructive, if not cheerful. The floating debt is once more getting heavy—too heavy, probably, to float without support. The amount has almost returned to the fatal milliard which first frightened the EMPEROR into summoning M. FOULD to his assistance. That sagacious banker saw at once the necessity of reducing a mass of floating liabilities which had reached the formidable sum of 40,000,000*l.*, and his declared policy was never to let the unfunded debt rise again to more than a fraction of that amount. However, it did rise, as most foreign observers foresaw that it must, and before the close of M. FOULD's administration it had all but touched its old amount. Another loan was clearly looming on the horizon, and the Prussian difficulty, with the expense which it has entailed and will entail on France, has destroyed the last hope of postponing another appeal to credit.

The mere fact that the time has come for once more wiping off old scores, and starting afresh with the burden of an additional mortgage, by no means expresses the whole gravity of the situation. This only proves that the expenditure of France has been in excess of her income for several years. But the future looks blacker than the past. In the midst of every financial trouble French Ministers have always hitherto been able to show a balanced Budget some two years hence. It is true these calculations have always been disappointed by what M. MAGNE calls *événements de force majeure*, but still they have been more or less plausible when first propounded. The disorder has now got beyond all this, and M. MAGNE does not pretend to see a surplus at any future period, however remote. He deals with the Budgets of three years—the rectified Budget of 1867, and the prospective Budgets of 1868 and 1869. A bad harvest, and other adverse influences not confined to France, have reduced the proceeds of taxation for 1867 by more than 1,000,000*l.* below the estimates. Foreign affairs have led to an increased expenditure on munitions of war, and in the occupation of Rome, which, with some other comparatively small excesses, leaves a deficit on the year of 7,500,000*l.* The Corps Législatif, as M. MAGNE says, has recognised the impossibility of bringing this sum to account in the Budget. In other words, France cannot be asked to submit to the taxation required to cover the deficit, and a loan is the only remaining resource.

This is not the end of M. MAGNE's difficulties. When he has got rid of the accumulated deficits represented by the floating debt, with last year's large addition to the amount, he will still have to deal with foreseen and acknowledged deficits in years to come. In the year now commenced he calculates that the income and expenditure of the ordinary Budget will be balanced with a surplus of 4,000,000*l.*, instead of 5,000,000*l.*, as estimated a year ago. These figures of course prove nothing except the fact of a miscalculation already admitted to the extent of 1,000,000*l.*; for it is enough to say that the custom in France is to set down 400,000 men as the strength of the army provided for by the ordinary Budget, leaving, according to the views of the present day, almost as many more men to be brought to the account of the extraordinary Budget, besides charges for public works, railways, and telegraphs, for Algeria, and for many other purposes, among others a special outlay on the armament of the fleet. The year 1869 comes out no better on paper. The surplus on the ordinary Budget is guessed at 2,500,000*l.*, which we may assume will not be found too low unless M. MAGNE's estimates are very different in character from any that have preceded them; and there will be the same continuous demand for money to meet the expenses of half the army, and the other charges which are carried to the extraordinary account. Taking the two years together there will be 6,500,000*l.* to raise for all these purposes. M. MAGNE does not venture to estimate in detail the amount of these so-called extraordinary charges. He is content to say that for the two years they will exceed the 6,500,000*l.* carried from the ordinary Budgets by not less than 4,000,000*l.*, and this, so far as we can gather, without reckoning the enormous additional expense which the new law on the organization of the Army must entail. If we were to put at 10,000,000*l.* a year the cost of doubling the French army, we should probably be within the mark; so that in the next

two years, apart from all unforeseen contingencies, it would seem, from M. MAGNE's calculations, that not less than 24,000,000*l.* of deficit will have to be added to the existing floating debt.

M. FOULD's device of separating the ordinary from the extraordinary Budgets purported to be based on the principle of carrying to the credit of the extraordinary Budget the ordinary surplus, and all other chance windfalls of the year, and then spending so much, and so much only, as was found to be available. There was a certain amount of claptrap in the plan, because it happened, at the time when the system was adopted, that there were remains of old war-loans, tribute-money from China, and various other important sums about to fall in, so that for the first few years the extraordinary Budget was really kept supplied by extraordinary funds. But M. MAGNE has now to deplore the total loss of such resources. The only little windfall he can reckon on during the next two years is 80,000*l.* payable by Cochin China, and nothing is left to cover the vast expenditure contemplated, except the problematical surpluses of the ordinary Budgets. In order to reduce the floating debt to reasonable proportions—say, to 15,000,000*l.* or 20,000,000*l.*—and to cover the expenses of the next two years, even on the assumption of peace, between 40,000,000*l.* and 50,000,000*l.* will some day or other have to be borrowed. What M. MAGNE proposes is, to effect a loan of 17,500,000*l.*, which will no doubt keep the State machinery going for some time longer, though there will be little or nothing available for the floating debt, which is much more likely to increase than to diminish. M. MAGNE is probably right in prophesying that the abundance of capital (or, as we should prefer to say, the slackness of demand for it) will ensure the success of the operation. The EMPEROR will get the money he asks for, and will have to ask again in another year or two. A loan, says the Finance Minister, is always a grave measure; but the gravity of his present proposal consists in this, that it is a loan, not to meet the expenses of war, or any other exceptional outlay, but to cover the deficits which are calculated beforehand as the inevitable consequences of the policy of the day. What France is now asked to do is to approve a deliberate project of expending, in future, from 10,000,000*l.* to 15,000,000*l.* more than her income, and filling up the void by loans. This is the meaning of the present loan, and if it signifies nothing else, it does signify a policy reckless of everything beyond the immediate future. There is no permanence in a system based on annual deficits deliberately incurred, and it is an ill omen for the Empire that a Minister of Finance who has to provide for a large increase of expenditure does not dare to hint at increased taxation on the one hand, or at retrenchment on the other. The deficits of France will, on this system, soon be as continuous and as large as those of Italy, without the excuse of poverty and disorganization which Italy can plead. Even during the Ministry of M. FOULD there was a marked progress in this fatal direction; but all restraint seems now to be abandoned, and a vast acceleration must be looked for in the downward course. And all nations are more or less concerned in the stability of French finance. A deficient revenue is often regarded as a guarantee for peace, but there is nothing reassuring in the commencement of a system of loans for the avowed purpose of keeping up an army which the ordinary resources of the country cannot support.

#### ENGLAND AND ITS FOREIGN OFFICE.

THE Foreign Office is one of the few departments of the public service which are left to perform a mass of interesting work without continual interference from the country. Probably its superior knowledge of geography gives it a pull over the public. With the exception of individual members of the mercantile world, whose business introduces them to the use of the globes, the British nation is not especially powerful at geography. It goes on Lord MALMESBURY's great theory, which may be termed a royal road to geography, that knowledge of reference is knowledge in itself. An Atlas with an index is its inexhaustible resource. If a war, an insurrection, a hurricane, or a volcanic eruption occurs anywhere, the Englishman feels that in five minutes he can look it up, and find out where the sufferers are for whom he is going to subscribe his money. Except for such occasional researches he cannot boast that he knows or cares much about distant lands. Every other five years the nation is alarmed by some startling account of Russian intrigues in Central Asia, and it is understood that an Eastern crisis is on the cards. We do not believe that we are doing injustice to the great middle-class by asserting that the intelligence usually produces very little more than a



vague sense of geographical ignorance in most of them. They are prepared, if necessary, to do their duty, or even to go to war for Central Asia; but they would not like on a sudden to be cross-examined too closely as to the local habitation of the Russian intrigues, or to be driven into a corner about the rivers and watersheds of any outlandish region. That Constantinople is the key to the overland route they believe, because the newspapers are always saying so; but no one knows or cares much about the details of quarrels between rival fanatics in the Lebanon, or even about the future of Servia. It is evident that the Foreign Office of a nation so confiding and so imperfectly informed is, in most cases, master of the situation. It knows all the capitals of all the countries of the world, and thus possesses such a start in geography that no one except Mr. URQUHART or the Sheffield Foreign Affairs Committee can ever catch it up.

While, accordingly, in most matters the Administration of the country follows, or at any rate acknowledges, the supreme authority of popular opinion, the Foreign Office is singularly independent. With respect to the most important subjects of diplomatic interest—the state, for example, of our relations with France or with America—it has to walk warily. Any initiative it possesses is controlled in exercise by the certainty that the English House of Commons jealously watches over any proceedings that might embroil us in a controversy or a war. If the Minister of the day is rude to M. DE MOUSTIER or Mr. SEWARD, the country hears of it, and calls the offender to account; and few political transactions produced in this country so unfavourable an impression about Lord RUSSELL's diplomatic capacity as the idea, whether true or false, that in his correspondence with the Cabinet of Paris he had been guilty of a *gaucherie*. To avoid unnecessary offence where other great Powers are concerned seems to be accepted as the whole duty of the Foreign Office. English taxpayers will not be dragged into a war for the sake of carrying out the pet crochets of a Minister. Great wars, therefore, are forbidden, and little wars discouraged, at the Foreign Office. With this exception the globe is all its own. The less it meddles, the less is likely to be the popular impatience; but its action is comparatively free in a thousand obscurer matters, and it may calculate safely on the reluctance of the country to interfere in matters which the country does not fully understand.

In these days of universal scepticism, a vulgar notion too often obtains that the Diplomatic body, which is under the direction of the Foreign Office, are a set of well-dressed diners-out, whose chief occupation is to be agreeable, and whose highest object should be to be harmless. The organs of the Manchester school occasionally take up their parable, and call for the abolition of all diplomacy. They have no objection to the establishment of gentlemanly Consuls in the leading capitals of Europe, in order to look after commercial interests; but Ambassadors and Envoys seem to them to connote an organized plan for meddling with the affairs of a Continent that should be left to govern and to conduct itself. There are few, perhaps, who seriously would maintain that the character and ability of the agents maintained by this country at Paris or at Washington are not matters of deep national moment. One can scarcely conceive, for example, what England or America could have done between 1861 and 1868 without diplomatic agents. The part played during these eventful years by a man of the calibre of Mr. ADAMS has certainly been as difficult as could have fallen to the lot of any living politician. To study narrowly the temper of England, to divine, if possible, the future intentions of the Ministry and Parliament, to act as the conduit-pipe of a most disagreeable and dangerous international controversy without embittering by any want of tact the inevitable awkwardness, and to transmit information for the use of his own Government which should be faithful without being acrimonious, was a task inferior in importance to none. It is by no means true that the behaviour and feeling of nations towards one another are not affected by the personal tone and courtesy of their political envoys. Commercial interests are considerably affected by trifles of this description, light as air though they may seem; and ability at the Foreign Office, in this respect alone, amply repays the middle-classes of this country for the money they spend upon it. Its opportunities for good are by no means confined to transactions with the leading Governments of either hemisphere. Agents stationed in outlying posts, among populations whose language, ideas, and interests are equally unknown to the ordinary English public, have it in their power to perform efficient if not incalculable services to the public. Much of the distant Eastern policy of England affects the future rather than the present. Its consequences will be felt chiefly in the long run. Nor

is it easy to estimate adequately the results of what is done or left undone. A schemer or an ambitious busybody may for years involve his country in the meshes of an absurd policy without any immediate prospect of being detected or repudiated by opinion at home. There are not many living Englishmen who are capable of forming a judgment on the merits of what England's advanced diplomatic outposts are about, and we have to rely almost exclusively for their correction and control on the acuteness of the Foreign Office. In this sense of the word, the Foreign Office is not by any means synonymous with this or that Foreign Minister. Lord STANLEY may be in to-day and Lord CLARENDON may take his place to-morrow. It is impossible that the successive Parliamentary heads of the Department can be masters in a few months of the details of an administration as extensive as the habitable globe. They cannot do it; and as a necessary consequence, the larger proportion of the foreign policy of England, with the exception of the few prominent topics of the day, is virtually under the control of permanent under-officials. This always must be so to the end of the chapter. The only thing that could alter it would be the collapse of the Imperial system in Great Britain. The chief danger of this feature in our administrative system consists in the tenacity with which old and time-worn political crochets or schemes often hang about the purlieus of a half-irresponsible office. The bureaucratic world is always tempted to go on pursuing the policy that has been left it as a legacy by its predecessors, in a sort of religious spirit of veneration, without nerving itself to reconsider old questions in a modern light. We have no doubt there are plenty of cobwebs of the kind in the pigeon-holes of our Foreign Office. It is, however, to be remembered that these cobwebs are not a nuisance peculiar to the English Foreign Office. The French Foreign Office is as full of them as our own; and there is no nation of modern times which has not got some old thread at which its diplomatists have been taught by their great-grandfathers to pull. These are the defects of a Foreign Office system. But till England loses India, and contracts her commercial enterprises all over the world, no wise man will ever be able to think slightly of this most important department of the Administration, which does not work the less ably because it works in obscure and remote places, and for posterity.

#### THE DECISION IN THE CAMBRIAN RAILWAYS CASE.

LAST Session the Government brought in a Bill for the sale of the property of insolvent Railway Companies, and Mr. WATKIN brought in a Bill to protect the interests of debenture-holders. Both Bills were referred to a Select Committee, and were ultimately fused into one, which was sent up to the Lords, and was there largely altered and amended. In the shape it ultimately took, the Bill gave no powers to sell or dispose of the railway itself. That was still protected from forfeiture or seizure; but insolvent Companies were enabled to enter into arrangements for the payment of their debts and settlement with their creditors. The general nature of the contemplated method of extricating the insolvent Company from its embarrassments was that the Directors should propose a scheme on the proposal of which all actions whatever should be stayed; and that if certain specific majorities of the debenture-holders and the different classes of shareholders assented to the scheme, then the Court of Chancery might pronounce whether the scheme was a proper one or not, and, if it approved of it and ratified it, then the scheme so ratified was to have the same operation and validity as if it had been sanctioned by a special Act of Parliament. It was also enacted that it might form a part of this scheme that a sum should be raised as a first charge on the line, so that insolvent Companies might have a fund to finish their works, or to pay off pressing liabilities. But although the Act provided that the holders of rent-charges, who are in fact merely the owners of land who have accepted a particular mode of payment, should be bound by a majority of three-fourths of their number, it contained no provisions for calling together, and binding by any decision of a majority, the general creditors of the line. They were left outside, and the Court of Chancery was to say whether the scheme proposed was fair to them or not. Thus everything was referred to the Court of Chancery, and it was obvious that some of the many doubtful points raised or suggested by the Act would soon be submitted to the consideration of the Court. The Cambrian Railway Company has good-naturedly come forward with funds sufficient to furnish a great leading case on the interpretation of the Act. Vice-Chancellor Wood decided,

on the wording of a clause disfigured by the usual obscure legal slang of Acts of Parliament, that the owners of land not paid for were not bound by the Act at all, and were not deprived of any of their remedies. Lord CAIRNS has this week overruled the decision of the VICE-CHANCELLOR on this point, and has held that the remedies of landowners are as much thrown into abeyance by a scheme properly submitted and approved as those of any other creditor. But he has given the Act generally a construction which has totally changed the whole of its operation. It no longer gives insolvent railways any relief or affords debenture-holders any protection. Lord CAIRNS holds that a scheme for arranging with creditors merely means a scheme for paying them. All creditors, whether for land or for anything else, are to be paid in full, and all the Act does is to provide that, if debenture-holders like to unite with shareholders for the purpose, they may create a fund by giving a fresh charge on the receipts of the line which shall suffice to pay off all the floating debts of the line.

It has been said that this judgment, coupled with the previous judgment of Lord CAIRNS which decided that debenture-holders have no mortgage on the property of the Company, but only a first claim on the clear profits of the working, really makes debenture-holders partners in the concern. They are not outsiders, like other creditors. They have to help their partners to meet the claims of outsiders. That the law is as Lord CAIRNS has laid it down we do not for a moment question. But we are perfectly certain that no debenture-holder in the kingdom ever meant to occupy this position, and that no Committee ever passed a Bill knowing that this was the position to which debenture-holders were condemned. Lord REDESDALE and Lord OVERSTONE, when this Bill was passing through Parliament, strongly urged the claims of debenture-holders. The amount lent on debentures reached, according to Lord REDESDALE, and largely exceeded, according to Lord OVERSTONE, the sum of one hundred millions sterling; and debenture-holders are for the most part trustees, ladies, and men who have tried to avoid speculative securities. They have been induced to take debentures by the seeming sanctity with which this kind of security has been invested by Parliament, which has rigidly limited the amount, and forbidden debentures to be issued at all unless a specific amount of the share capital had been subscribed. So jealous was Parliament of the interests of debenture-holders that, in the Session before last, it passed an Act providing that for the future debentures should only be issued under the condition that two Directors certified on the debenture that the amount so issued was not issued in excess of the borrowing powers. But, as it turns out, the position of debenture-holders is, except in one solitary instance, inferior to that of ordinary creditors on a simple contract. If a line is unfinished, it is much better, according to Lord CAIRNS, to be an ordinary creditor than a debenture-holder, for the ordinary creditor can—which the debenture-holder cannot—take the property of the Company in execution. Secondly, if any scheme is proposed for finishing the line, it is the creditors who are to be paid in full, and the debenture-holders who are to make the sacrifice. Then, again, if a line is finished, and is at work, the ordinary creditor can, but the debenture-holder cannot, seize the rolling-stock. If the main runs, the net proceeds come to the debenture-holder; but the judgment-creditor can prevent its running. The one case where the debenture-holders have a real advantage as against ordinary creditors is where trains run either under the superintendence of the Court of Chancery, or where the line is worked, not by the Company itself, but by contractors, or by another Company. This last shred of hope may be cut away from debenture-holders, but at present it seems good law that if a railway is, as a matter of fact, worked, if trains run and tolls are taken, then the portion of those tolls which remains after working expenses are provided for is granted to the debenture-holders by a supreme Parliamentary title which places them above the holders of Lloyds' Bonds, judgment-creditors, and, we may even add, the unpaid vendors of land.

But even then the weak point of the position of debenture-holders is that they have no control over the working of the line. If the line is so worked that the expenses eat up the receipts, they have no remedy. They cannot assume even that unhappy, anxious position known in law as the position of a mortgagee in possession. For they are not mortgagees of the railway, but only of the tolls of the railway, and they have agreed that they will allow the shareholders to decide what is the best way in which these tolls shall be raised and received. The general result of the decision of Lord CAIRNS

is to make a debenture a very unpleasant sort of security, almost worthless if a line is unfinished, and hazardous if a line is finished, except when there is a contract to work the line at a fixed rate, or when the Company issuing the debenture is so powerful that the claims of creditors need not be apprehended, although recent experience shows that even the Companies thought the strongest may disappoint every one. But even the debentures of the very best English railways are, we think, inferior as investments to the obligations of French railways; for although an English investment is better than a French one, this advantage is altogether outweighed by the great superiority in efficiency, justice, and simplicity of the French law. That the French system has its weak side is true, for it is extremely difficult to be sure that the number of obligations is not in excess of what the line will bear; but so long as the project is a sound one, the French system works admirably, while in England no one can say that the finest railway property may not be utterly wasted and muddled away in a year or two. In one way, and one way alone, the English Parliament did gain credit for being careful. It was supposed to be very tender of the interests of debenture-holders. If debenture-holders are merely persons without any claim on, or control over, the undertaking unless trains run, and no means of securing that trains shall run at a profit, why should Parliament have limited so carefully the extent to which debentures should be issued? The real fact is, that Parliament has not in the least understood the position it has created for debenture-holders. The general notion on which the Act of last September was framed was evidently that the debenture-holders should have the control of the scheme to be presented, and that they should be able to ask the Court to give its aid in finding funds to put the line, if unfinished, in the position of a finished line; so that, at any rate, the works might not lie idle, and that the public should have the benefit of a line opened for traffic. That the Act does not carry out this intention we will own, on the authority of Lord CAIRNS, to be very true; and certainly it is about the very worst drawn and worded Act that ever became law. But that the intention of the Act has been defeated there is no doubt, and there can be as little doubt that the value of debenture property has been also greatly reduced.

#### AMERICAN FINANCE.

THE Report of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue of the United States, although it will probably not be adopted by Congress, is an authentic and highly instructive document. Mr. WELLS, like his countrymen in general, is touchy when he engages in controversy with foreigners, and he lately announced that it would be difficult to preserve peace between England and America if unfavourable or erroneous comments on the finances of the Republic were published in an English magazine. At home, however, Mr. WELLS is an able and honest public servant; and it is satisfactory to observe that, in his official Report, he speaks of war as both improbable and inexpedient. He recommends to Congress a Budget which would combine with the abolition of all taxes on domestic manufactures a surplus of no less than ten millions sterling applicable to the reduction of the debt. From Customs' duties he proposes to raise thirty millions, and from inland revenue about thirty-six millions; while the expenditure, according to his project, including the annual redemption of the debt, would be about sixty-four millions. His proposal includes retrenchment to the amount of about twenty millions, to be effected by reducing the navy to the strength necessary to preserve the police of the seas, by a large diminution of the expenditure for the army, by a reduction of Government offices, and by the refusal of appropriations for the purchase of territory. Mr. WELLS perhaps scarcely expects that the public establishments will be at once reduced in accordance with his recommendations; but he may think it advisable to provide the advocates of economy with a complete financial scheme to which they may approximate as occasion offers. The expected receipts from Customs' duties appear large, and it probably will not be attained unless Congress consents to a large reduction of the tariff. The items of Inland Revenue are nearly the same as in England; and there can be little difference of opinion on the expediency of relieving manufacturing industry from a complicated and oppressive system of taxation. Although the popularity of Mr. SEWARD's territorial purchases declined as soon as it was found that they excited no opposition in Europe, it is nearly certain that Congress will vote the necessary sums for completing the bargains with Russia and Denmark. The hesita-



tion which has been lately displayed shows that the value of money is beginning to be appreciated even by American politicians.

The vast expenditure of the war, provided almost wholly out of borrowed money, naturally produced general carelessness and extravagance, which have still scarcely subsided. The heaviest pressure of taxation has coincided with the collapse of popular excitement; and a financier who offers liberal relief on condition of an entire change of policy may fairly claim attention. The rough and ready resource of repudiation would not even produce the equilibrium which Mr. WELLS wishes to establish, while he at the same time intends to maintain the national honour; for the proposed annual charge for payment of instalments on the debt amounts only to ten millions sterling, and the expenditure for the next two or three years will exceed by more than that sum Mr. WELLS's hypothetical estimate. There is, in truth, no reason for paying off any portion of the debt at present, except for the improvement of the public credit. The repudiators have had the merit of depressing largely the value of American stocks, and their efforts have been seconded by several States which have applied their principles in practice. Pennsylvania, following the example of New York, has lately paid the State creditors in greenbacks; and the Treasurer states that he has always answered the complaints of foreign claimants by the remark that there was no special contract to pay in gold. It might not improbably be as advantageous to the United States to pay off the principal in gold in 1881 as to evade the public obligation by an immediate payment in paper. Mr. WELLS displays sound judgment in advocating a system of instalments which would practically pledge the Government to the eventual payment of the entire debt in specie.

The establishment of a body of permanent civil servants, at least in the Revenue department, would be the most profitable reform which the American Legislature could adopt. Before the civil war, when there was little Federal administration, and a revenue of twelve millions, the country could afford to make public employment the reward of political jobs. It has always been understood in the United States that any man was fit for any office which he could obtain, and the popular idol, General JACKSON, boldly avowed the doctrine that the spoils of political victory belonged to the conqueror. From the time of his Presidency every office has been reserved for the partisans of the dominant faction; and one of the consequences which might be expected from such a system is explained in Mr. WELLS's Report. It seems that only one-half of the internal revenue is received in the Treasury, while the residue either remains uncollected in the pockets of the taxpayers, or is intercepted by the collectors. The inland revenue of last year amounted to fifty-three millions sterling; and therefore, if Mr. WELLS may be trusted, the Government has been defrauded of an equal sum. The salaries of any number of competent officers which might be required would be defrayed by a small percentage on the loss incurred by the Treasury; and perhaps the moral advantage of checking wholesale robbery might not be too inconsiderable to deserve the attention of Congress. It is fair to admit that the whole fabric of Federal taxation is entirely new, and that there must always be a difficulty in levying taxes and duties over the vast territory of the Republic; but at present the dishonesty and incapacity of the public servants appear to transcend all reasonable limits. When Mr. SHERMAN lately proposed in the Senate, on grounds which seemed insufficient, a scheme for consolidating the various kinds of debts, his adversaries invidiously suggested that the operation would cost thirty millions of dollars, which would be received by some unknown persons. In a European country, such a transaction would be managed by the Finance Department, without any extraordinary expense, and the agents of the Government would never be suspected of entering into any corrupt engagement with contractors.

Mr. WELLS displays some courage in his remark that war is the less likely to occur because the United States are bound, in recognizances of two thousand millions of dollars, to keep the peace. The security would become more stringent if Mr. PENDLETON and General BUTLER succeeded in rendering it almost impossible for the United States to raise a loan. It is perhaps fortunate that the people have, for the first time, felt the inconvenience of heavy taxes, which must be necessarily increased in the contingency of a foreign war. The American army, with all its merits, is the most costly in the world during active service, although it has not been found necessary to provide a pension list, except in the case of disabled soldiers. Mr. WELLS could not, without a breach of good taste and of prudence, interfere with the domestic

policy of Congress; but, in common with other advocates of sound financial doctrines, he has probably deplored the revived activity of the extreme Republican party. Within a few days after the close of the Christmas vacation, the Senate refused its assent to the removal of Mr. STANTON, thus forcing the PRESIDENT, in violation of both precedent and of constitutional doctrine, to act through a Minister who has forfeited his confidence. Nearly at the same time the House of Representatives has discussed the establishment in the South of a single military district, to be administered by General GRANT; and it has also approved a measure for restricting the powers of the Supreme Court, which is understood to hold by a majority that the Reconstruction Acts are unconstitutional. It is not the business of foreigners to dispute the right of the American people or their representatives to model their own institutions at pleasure, by regular or irregular methods; but it is a significant fact that the legislation of ten days or a fortnight added eight and a half per cent. to the price of gold, or, in other words, depreciated the national credit in the same proportion. The temporary suppression of civil government in the South may probably tend to prolong itself; and, in addition to other inconveniences, it will postpone for an indefinite period the reduction of the army. It is perhaps also considered that every excess of power perpetrated by the Republican majority in Congress increases the probability that the Democrats will control the next House of Representatives, and perhaps even elect a President. As a large section of the Democratic party openly supports repudiation and an unlimited issue of paper-money, it is not unnatural that the market price of greenbacks should fall as the prospects of the Opposition improve. It is also a material circumstance that Congress, while it is attacking Mr. JOHNSON, cannot at the same time apply itself to useful legislation. The demand for a reduction of taxes will be too urgent to be disregarded; but the measures which can alone enable the country to dispense with the present revenue will inevitably be neglected in a season of political agitation. Neither party can at present afford to abolish the prizes which both offer to their respective supporters. A Collector of Customs at one of the great ports, appointed to hold office during good behaviour, might probably increase the revenue by millions of dollars, but his post, once filled up, would be lost to the political trade, and the professional managers of elections would resent the diminution of their resources. In quieter times, the judicious recommendation of the Commissioner of Revenue will not improbably be adopted.

#### IDOLATRY.

THE Commandment which is read every Sunday in church against idolatry is one which conveys, to the minds of most Englishmen and Englishwomen who listen to it week after week, a very indefinite meaning. The majority of people who pray to be delivered from the temptation to commit this particular sin have a sort of vague notion that they are tolerably safe, at any rate, as respects idols. Nobody feels any inclination to make graven images, or to bow down to them; and a sort of glow of satisfaction steals over the minds of a properly behaved congregation at the thought that it is only the South Sea Islanders, or other benighted heathen of the kind, who go in for this miserable sort of religious dissipation. Some earnest Protestants of the Exeter Hall school regard the Commandment as a sort of thunderbolt launched against Roman Catholics, and would be sorry to see erased from the Church Service a thunderbolt which appears to them to tell so heavily against the Pope. To others it seems an almost superfluous ordinance. In many things we all offend, but we do certainly keep ourselves from idols. Jews have ceased to worship golden calves, there are no pagans within many thousand miles of us who are victims of gross material superstition, and we are about as likely to begin, in this age, to venerate bulls or apes as we are to perform religious ceremonies in honour of Mumbo Jumbo. Accordingly, many preachers have a way of spiritualizing the whole of the text about idolatry, and extract from it a sort of pious warning never to love anything in this passing world too well. We are not, they tell us, to make idols of our children, or our business, or our money, and the advice is so sensible that we forget that it really has very little to do with the Second Commandment. The truth is that, if we were to adhere strictly to the signification of the term idol, we should have to admit that in one way all mankind are more or less idolaters. It is impossible for the finite human mind to conceive of Deity except under forms of thought borrowed from our own experience. Sacred art, from the very earliest times, has been in the habit of depicting Divinity upon a strictly human type. The greatest painters, when they attempt to draw any of the persons of the Trinity, do so by borrowing mortal lineaments and shapes, and nobody blames them severely for this degradation of an intangible idea. Christianity, in one sense, may be said to have encouraged the tendency. It is the cardinal article of faith of the Christian religion

that Deity did once become incarnate amongst men, and we are taught from childhood to conceive of the human and the divine as blended. The language in which our sacred writings speak to us is tinted throughout with what may without irreverence be called anthropomorphism. A great philosopher once said that every prayer man breathed might under one aspect be deemed an act of unconscious idolatry, because it is coloured with some human idea of personality and character in the Being whom we address. It is true that the metaphysical subtlety of the writers of the English Articles enables them to forbid us to hold that the Deity has parts or passions like ourselves, but all the language of our religious books is a departure from this impossible advice, and uses the materials of common experience and of earthly emotion when it wishes to state anything about the action or the will of God. As every term we can employ is taken from material imagery, and every notion we can form is but an image in spite of all our efforts, we are all in a certain sense idolaters. It is only a question of degree. The savage forms more debased conceptions of the object of his adoration than the civilized European; but if all ideas on the subject are gross and earthly, idolatry is the law of all human nature, and we cannot escape from it. The Second Commandment is therefore, for all of us, rather a practical warning against the worst excesses of the imagination than a doctrinal denunciation of material notions, which are a necessity of all thought. All that it can hope to do is to discourage the extreme follies to which the human fancy is prone.

It does not require any profound study of the literature of the world to convince us that the very terms we employ to denote abstract ideas which are removed as far as possible from all sensible associations were once as picturesque and material as the rest of language, only that, as time has passed by, constant use has rubbed off the early picturesqueness and toned down their primitive vigorous meaning. In no time and at no place has man ever described anything except in terms borrowed from his experiences of the tangible world. Thought and language alike are finite; it is impossible to build up ideas except with materials gathered here and there from what we have felt and seen, and the most powerful imagination only breaks up, and then arranges and pieces together, in pleasing or novel combinations, the old stuff with which our experience has supplied us. Transcendental language and transcendental thought are contradictions in terms. It is as impossible to transcend the limits of the mind as to create without matter, or to build brick houses without bricks. How near the most accurate mental picture approaches to the reality, or whether there be a reality at all independently of the picture itself, is a subject over which logic may exhaust its subtleties, but about which no answer ever has been, or will be, given. To call our thoughts necessarily false would be as unphilosophical as to assume that they are true. Falsehood and truth are themselves relative notions, which cease to be effectual when we try to use the terms to designate or to describe the relation between what is within the compass of the mind, and that unknown region that lies without. But as the experience of any one individual is necessarily more limited than the experience of the race, in a certain relative sense we may properly say that, as a fact, there is aberration in every notion that our minds form, and that we live in a world of what, in the language of the Advancement of Learning, may be called "false appearances." Lord Bacon's "idols," whether they be of the tribe, the cave, the forum, or the theatre, do not mean, as they have been interpreted, false divinities to which the mind bows down, but false appearances or illusions which are the ordinary conditions under which, in actual life, we think. We live and move among refracted lights and broken images, and, as Coleridge says in lines borrowed from the allegory of Plato's famous cave, "with our backs to bright reality." Ordinary language is full of the traces of this human weakness. Our mind, says Boyle, "makes us think and speak after the manner of true and positive beings of such things as are chimerical, and some of them negations or privations themselves, as death, ignorance, blindness, and the like." We are always, indeed, "making images," though we may not make "graven" ones, and all of them are taken either from what we see in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. The only use of education is to add to the stores and materials out of which our images are made, to give us fresh straw for our bricks, and new experiences and new matter to combine. The labourer or peasant whose experiences have been few and monotonous is restricted in proportion in the use he makes of them; but the greatest philosopher only differs so far as he has collected more twigs out of which to construct his airy nest. The intellectual progress of the world depends, accordingly, on its advance in accumulating natural experiences, and philosophy and thought enlarge their boundaries as man acquires a larger knowledge of the physical world without.

It is on this account that the notion of religious development seems to be one which approves itself to reason. It is no use attempting to disguise from ourselves the fact that our ideas of the unseen world must necessarily develop, *pari passu*, with our range of insight into the phenomena around us. The notion, for instance, which persons form of the Deity in a time when the ordinary operations of nature are imperfectly perceived or understood, must be but gross and fanciful as compared with the notion presented to those whose scientific knowledge is wider. The villager who has never travelled out of sight of his own fields can only conceive of things beyond his ken with reference to what he has seen or learnt in his narrow circle, and a generation

which regards the phenomenon of a rain-cloud as an inscrutable mystery will be proportionately limited in its theology. Every step in the world's ascent introduces it to a wider horizon, and enables it to correct its imagination about the invisible and the immaterial. To say that mankind's conceptions of the Deity are never to grow is to sentence the world to stand still in science; and in experiment, as well as in religion, the truer and indeed the only possible theory is to regard natural theology at any rate as in a continual state of transition and travel. We still make images for ourselves, but, as the images of the nineteenth century are an improvement on the graven images of the savage, so the images of the future will be slightly less gross and wooden than our own. So far, then, from there being any divergence of direction between the path of religion and the path of science, the two are in reality convergent, if not identical. One of the parts of the mission of science is to make us less of idolaters than we are, to keep us from the mental image-worship which is only one stage removed from material idolatry, and to emancipate us from those illusions which are the result of limited knowledge, and will disappear in part as knowledge is increased. We are not now dealing with the vexed question of religious development in its more purely controversial sense—a subject which may be left to theologians, and which would be out of place here. Whatever may be the view taken by one school or another about doctrinal development, it is certain that natural theology must develop every day that humanity moves away from the narrowest sphere of ignorance and blindness. As magic, astrology, and alchemy give way to chemistry and astronomical research, our ideas of the unseen have advanced. We have at least lost some of the enchantment and illusion which coloured and marred them; and progress, not stability, in natural religion is, or ought to be, the hope and ideal of mankind. Those to whose prejudices or preconceived opinions this truth is unpalatable are fond of endeavouring to rebut it by reminding us of what no sane person ever seriously forgets—that there will be always a barrier to human thought, and that human imagination must to the last be imperfect and impure. So far from this being an objection to the theory of development, it is the very basis and groundwork on which it rests. It is because the mind is fallible that all its received conceptions are images or illusions, and that it is desirable to clear the ground as well as we can on every side of us. The traveller who never can hope to see the whole world is not irrational in wishing, at all events, to get beyond his own county town, and despair of climbing the Himalayas is no argument for living all our lives in a provincial valley. If we cannot get rid of our idols altogether, there is no reason why we should not attempt to make them less barbarous and rude. If any sermon at all is to be preached on the Second Commandment, or any lesson to be deduced from it, it ought to be one that encourages and stimulates inquiry and scientific research. The real idolaters of the day are those who are afraid to break in on their own ignorance and provincialism, and the best and most needful form of iconoclast is the man of science.

#### MISTRESS AND MAID ON DRESS AND UNDRRESS.

NO one with a soul to appreciate the extra-judicial utterances of Mr. Samuel Warren can have forgotten the memorable lament over the decline and fall of the fine old English maid-servant with which, some years ago, he introduced some cases of petty larceny to the notice of the grand jurors of Hull. The alarm sounded with such touching eloquence from the judgment seat was taken up last autumn, if we remember, by a venerable Countess, who, in an address to an assemblage of Cumbrian lasses, aspirants to the kitchen and the dairy, took occasion to read them a lecture on the duty of dressing with the simplicity befitting their station. Both the learned Recorder and the venerable Countess were animated by the best intentions. Their advice was excellent, and we sincerely trust that it may have induced the neat-handed Phyllis of the North to curb her immoderate taste for finery. These sporadic warnings seem likely to ripen at last into action. From a letter lately inserted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, we learn that a "Clergyman's Wife" has long been brooding in silent indignation over "the present disgraceful style of dress among female servants." Her disgust finds vent in a manifesto to the mistresses of Great Britain, in which, after painting the evil in the darkest possible colours, she ends by suggesting a remedy for it. Dress, we are told, among "the lower orders of females," has arrived at a pitch which has wholly changed the aspect and character of our towns and country villages. Neither preachers nor good books can avail to stop it. Bad women are fearfully increased in number, good wives and mothers are getting rare. In consequence of the reckless expenditure of women upon their dress, husbands become drunkards, and murder too commonly follows. The remedy for this terrible state of things is to be found in the following "proposition":—"The ladies of England are to form an association, pledging themselves to adopt, each family for themselves, a uniform for their female servants, and to admit none into their service who refuse to wear it. The uniform is not to be old-fashioned or disfiguring, but merely neat, simple, and consequently becoming. The following ornaments are to be absolutely prohibited—"feathers, flowers, brooches, buckles or clasps, earrings, lockets, neck-ribbons and velvets, kid-gloves, parasols, sashes, jackets, Garibaldiis, all trimming on dresses, crinoline, or steel of any kind." No dress to touch the ground.



No pads or frisettes, no chignons, no hair-ribbons. Having swept away by a stroke of the pen all this mass of finery, a "Clergyman's Wife" goes on to make some "suggestions," which we quote for the edification of our lady readers:—

Morning dress: Lilac print, calico apron, linen collar. Afternoon dress: Some lighter print, muslin apron, linen collar and cuffs. Sundays: A neat alpaca dress, linen collar and cuffs, or a frill tacked into the neck of the dress, a black apron, a black shawl, a medium straw bonnet with ribbons and strings of the same colour, a bow of the same inside, and a slight cap across the forehead, thread or cotton gloves, a small cotton or alpaca umbrella to keep off sun and rain. The winter Sunday dress: Linsey dress, shepherd's plaid shawl, black straw bonnet. A plain brown or black turndown straw hat with a rosette of the same colour, and fastened on with elastic, should be possessed by all servants for common use, and is indispensable for nursemaids walking out with children. Should servants be in mourning, the same neat style must be observed—no bugles, or beads, or crape flowers allowed.

The first thing that strikes us in connexion with this glib project is the enormous difficulty of carrying it into execution. It is easy, we all know, to call spirits from the vasty deep, but exceedingly difficult to induce them to obey the summons. It is easy, and to feminine ingenuity rather pleasant than otherwise, to devise sumptuary laws for the kitchen. But it is quite another thing to try to enforce them. By what coercive machinery is Betsy Jane to be forced into the detested uniform? We know how deeply the Anglo-Saxon mind resents any social "ticketing." Does a "Clergyman's Wife" suppose that the British housemaid is exempt from this little weakness common to her race? At any rate, we are convinced that she would never subside into a "lilac print" or a "neat alpaca" without a tremendous struggle. Her first weapon of defence would infallibly be a strike. It is absurd to suppose that she would cling to her flowers and parasol with less tenacity than cabbie to his right of running over people in the dark. Now, is a "Clergyman's Wife" prepared to face the consequences of such a strike? Is she ready for an indefinite time to cook her own dinner, mend her own dresses, dust her own rooms, manage her own nursery? What if the vengeance of the housemaid menaced by the imposition of a "calico apron" or a "medium straw bonnet" should assume a darker form, and a system of domestic "rattening" should spread terror through the tranquil parsonages of England? Is she prepared to brave the system of intimidation by which a union of vindictive cooks and nursery-maids might assert their inherent right to lockets and earrings? Has she the nerve to crush the secret plots of kitchen Fenianism? Ultimately, no doubt, her efforts might be crowned with success. When that happy time arrived, when "her suggestions were generally adopted," and the "requirements of ladies, especially those of fortune, were generally known" to comprise a uniform for the maid-servant, she might succeed in closing the market of domestic service to the flaunting abigail whose audacious finery renders her to the outward eye indistinguishable from her own daughters. But as that time would be long in coming, and probably would never arrive in her lifetime, she would have to face the discomforts of a long period of transition, during which she would have to rely on herself and her daughters for the discharge of the various operations of the household. Meantime we beg to suggest another way of effecting her purpose quite as easy, and much more effectual. Why not go in for an Act of Parliament, having for its object the total suppression of the instinct of vanity in the female bosom? Let it be enacted that, on and after the 1st of next April (the date would be appropriate), feathers, flowers, and the other abominations which she seeks to proscribe, shall be for ever abjured and disused by the fair sex. As the prelude to that full entry on her social and political rights which is nowadays claimed for woman, a proposal of this magnitude would commend itself, no doubt, to the philosophic section of the House of Commons.

There is another feature in the manifesto of a "Clergyman's Wife" which calls for observation. She lays particular stress on securing the adhesion to her plan of "families of wealth and distinction," "ladies of position and fortune"—of the leaders of fashion, in short, wherever those mysterious but potent decoy-ducks are to be found. Its success depends on "making it fashionable to adopt the uniform," on making simplicity of dress among maid-servants the sole avenue to the "best situations." Now, as it is conceded that the "present disgraceful style of dress among servant girls" is the result of their ambition to imitate their superiors, it is worth while, in order to estimate both the amount of their responsibility for the said disgrace and the chances of success of the proposed reform, to glance from the style of dress in vogue in the kitchen to the style of dress in vogue in the drawing-room. Oddly enough, on the very day on which a "Clergyman's Wife" was permitted to ventilate her project in the *Fall Mall Gazette*, the public was favoured with the latest intelligence on this point, in the columns of a fashionable contemporary. Paris, we all know, is the sovereign arbiter of dress to all "ladies of position and fortune" in this country, the centre of an authority on all matters relating to the toilette, which radiates, through "families of distinction and wealth," to those calm retreats where clergymen's wives, in chastely severe attire, exchange hospitalities with their neighbours. What is the fashionable style of dress in Paris at the present moment? The correspondent of our contemporary shall speak for himself. "We are living," he says, "in an age which seems to be reviving the classical period in the history of drapery. You see pretty nearly as much of the female *torso* now as the Athenians did when the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon copied the modes of the Greeks so many hundred

years ago, and when the multitude did not worship the drapery of a goddess only." After some piquant remarks on the style of dress in the theatres, he goes on to inform us how "in the more refined and virtuous society" the ladies are dressing this winter. "At a *fête* graced by all that is elegant, refined, and aristocratic in Paris," he observed the duchess, the countess, and the baroness imitating the costly toilettes of the *demi-monde*, arrayed like one of them precisely, in the very height of fashion. We are favoured with a minute account of one representative toilette in the room:—

The lady is of a noble Hungarian family, fair, with that dark brown reddish hair which is just going to begin to be golden, but never shines out. Pale oval face, heavy eyebrows, bright bronze eyes. Small festoons of hair over the brow, imprisoned by a golden metal band. Behind a Bismark chignon. A mass of twisted hair, in a sort of Laocoon agony, was decorated with small insects (of course I don't mean anything impossible), glittering gem-like beetles from the Brazils. Three long curls hung from the imposing mass, and could be worn before or behind, and be made to perform—as I witnessed—all sorts of coquettish tricks. Now for the dress. Well, there is nothing to describe till you get very nearly down to the waist. A pretty bit of lace on a band wanders over the shoulder; the back is bare very low down, and more of the bust is seen than even last year's fashions permitted. . . . You may, as far as I could observe, dress or half-dress just as you like; caprice has taken the place of uniform fashion. As the panorama of *grandes dames* floats before my mind's eye, I come to the conclusion that I have seen more of those ladies than one could have hoped or expected in so brief a space of time.

This, then, is, or shortly will be, in a tasteless and exaggerated form, the style of dress among those "ladies of distinction," whose co-operation a "Clergyman's Wife" fondly hopes to enlist in her scheme for purging the kitchen of its "disgraceful" finery. It is just possible that she has not heard of these things. Perhaps in the retirement of the parsonage, with her eyes intently fixed on the moral havoc which dress is causing among "the lower orders of females," she has assumed that the dress of the higher orders of females is irreproachably modest and correct. If so, we are sorry to have to dispel an illusion which would go far to justify the self-complacent tone of her lecture. But unless she is blissfully ignorant of contemporary fashions in any sphere more elevated than the kitchen, we are struck with astonishment at the hardihood of an appeal at the present moment to ladies of fashion. Is a being whose avowed object is to imitate as exactly as possible the cosmetic tricks of the *demi-monde* likely to prove an influential ally in a crusade against cheap finery? Is a mistress whose head-gear resembles the art-trophy of an eccentric hairdresser, and whose clothing is described as nothing to speak of "until you get very nearly down to the waist," the person to be specially selected to preach propriety of dress to her maid? Or is it that a "Clergyman's Wife" objects to overdress only, and not to underdress; and that, while she would repress with severity any attempt on the part of "females of the lower order" to adorn their persons, she looks with a tolerant eye, among "ladies of position and fortune," upon the nude? We are curious to know at what point in the social scale she would draw the line above which an unblushing exhibition of the female *torso* is decent, and below which earrings and a parasol are immoral. As a matter of fact, so far from discouraging the passion for dress among their female dependants, ladies of position and fortune are apt to insist on their dressing smartly. They like to see some of their own lustre reflected on their attendants. A dowdy in sad-coloured print or linsey is by no means to their taste. This has been well pointed out in a letter in which a "Maid-servant" replied, through the *Fall Mall Gazette*, to the project of reform proposed by a "Clergyman's Wife." Looking at the question from her own point of view, she described in plain words how, when she first went into service, she had wished to dress simply, but was quickly made to understand that she must either spend more of her wages on dress, or seek another situation. We believe that her experience would be endorsed by the great majority of her class. If a "Clergyman's Wife" would take the pains to inquire into the facts of the case, she would not be long in ascertaining from what quarter the signal for unbecoming finery among "females of the lower order" really comes.

The plain truth of the matter is, that a reform in the dress of "lower class females," and maid-servants in particular, can only be brought about in one way. The reaction in favour of a neat and simple style must come from above, and not from below; in the way of example, not precept. When "ladies of position and fortune" cease to lavish their thousands on millinery, their copyists in the nursery and kitchen will cease to spend their wages on a similar object. When every one above the rank of a governess dresses in a manner suitable to her station, complaints will be no longer heard about "unbecoming" finery below stairs. The chief incentive to showy dress among the "lower order of females" is unquestionably a desire to ape the extravagance of their betters. Remove that incentive, and the evil which a "Clergyman's Wife" so forcibly deplores will soon cure itself. We hope that she may be induced to turn her reforming zeal into another direction. Instead of indulging in childish projects for putting the Sunday-school, and the church singers, and maid-servants, and the lower order of females generally into uniforms, let her attack the mischief at its root, and persuade the fine ladies of the earth to curtail their monstrous prodigality and immodest vagaries in dress. Let her add her warning voice to that of the Head of Latin Christianity, who has recently denounced this scandal of the age with the same perennial vigour that characterizes his anathemas on the Subalpine Government.

## THE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

ONCE more the great annual contest has taken place at Cambridge, and a gentleman who, according to report, thoroughly deserves the honour, has gained the almost historical title of Senior Wrangler. It is true that the ancient glories of the position have been slightly dimmed; not, indeed, from any falling off in the standard, for we believe that the contrary is the case, but from the rise of many other similar competitions around this archetype of English competitive examinations. A senior wranglership is no longer so unique a position as it was in former days. Even in Cambridge the possessor of that coveted distinction has many rivals; to say nothing of men distinguished in triposes of more modern invention, there is the captain of the University crew, the winner of the long foot-race, and various other performers who eclipse him in the estimation of many of his companions. He may boast that he can solve problems better than any of his rivals, or display a greater familiarity with the mysteries of the planetary theory; but it does not follow that he can run two miles in ten minutes, or win the Diamond Sculls. He is at the head of one out of many co-ordinate departments, not the flower of the whole University. Even if we set aside mere popular glory, he is not without detractors of more pretension. There are persons who whisper, or even noisily proclaim in public, that the training of which he is the most distinguished result is not ideally perfect. Such heretics insinuate that, besides the time-honoured studies of mathematics, or of Greek and Latin, there are others which are worthy the attention of a reasonable being, and which even afford an equally useful mental training. We will not in this place enter upon this thorny path of discussion. We will suppose that mathematics are indisputably the best branch of mental gymnastics. A senior wrangler may possess no knowledge beyond the magic limits of his pet science, or at least he need only possess that very modest familiarity with the elements of classical and theological learning which is necessary for stumbling through the little-go. But we will assume that his mental thews and sinews have been so developed that he is capable of wrestling successfully with any of the difficulties to be encountered in other fields of learning. His knowledge of elaborate formulæ, and his wonderful facility in threading the labyrinths of intricate deductions, will of course be of no direct use to him in legal or clerical pursuits. They will not provide him with the necessary weapons for investigating the law of real property, or give him an instructive appreciation of the shades of meaning which divide orthodoxy from heresy. But he will go forth as a trained athlete, prepared to make use of faculties sharpened by a careful and energetic system of polishing. Indeed, the question between the supporters and the impugnors of such a theory is merely a question of degree. Every one must admit that mathematics possess a bracing influence, which, within undefined limits, acts as an admirable mental tonic. The only question is whether it is worth while to dedicate so much time and energy to their pursuit, to the all but complete exclusion of every other branch of training whatever. And we may admit that, on the assumption of the surpassing merits of mathematics, it is a curious felicity rather than intelligent design which has led the University of Cambridge, amongst all educating bodies, to assign to them such a marked supremacy. If they really are the true nostrum which is equally invigorating to every mental constitution, the discovery has been made by a kind of fortunate accident, rather than in obedience to any consciously accepted theory.

Supposing, however, that mathematics are to be regarded as affording a pursuit for life, as well as a temporary field for training, it is a more difficult question what is their effect upon their devotees. Does the worship of the idol produce, on the whole, a healthy and vigorous set of worshippers? Of those who have been initiated in the mysteries, a certain number of the most promising novices will continue, as professors and tutors, to devote their chief energies to the service of their divinity. According to some authorities, the consequences will frequently be disastrous. Mathematicians, it is said, develop one faculty to the injury of the rest; they become incapable of reasoning, except upon the short list of subjects in which their logic can be applied to precise statements about numbers and geometrical figures. Sometimes their dry and monotonous labour brings on absolute madness. We confess that this theory, even when moderately stated, seems to us to exaggerate the effect of a study upon specific faculties. Any tolerably healthy bodily exercise tends to develop all the physical organs, though not to develop them equally. It is not easy, except by some exceptionally cramped and unhealthy employments, to give a man strong legs or arms without in some degree acting upon the whole of his frame. An athlete, it is true, is generally more or less out of proportion. A performer on the trapeze develops the muscles of his chest and arms much more decisively than those of his legs. Still the most successful performer is always a man of great general muscular power, and conversely it is a condition of success that the athlete should possess sufficient vigour of constitution to be above the average at all points, as well as very much above it in some. The effects of mental exercise seem to be analogous. One pursuit may certainly develop memory, or some particular faculty, out of proportion to the others; and to some extent this is true of a study which requires such special qualifications as mathematics. As a rule, however, we believe that the vigorous exercise of any one set of faculties reacts, except in very extreme cases, upon all the others. A man who is adding up figures all day may become

very expert in that particular art, with very little improvement in any other. But in a branch of knowledge which bears upon so many allied sciences, and requires capacity to apply so many different methods, as mathematics, it is scarcely possible that the effect should not be more widely diffused. This would justify to some extent the opinion that it matters comparatively little what a man studies, so long as he brings to the pursuit a sufficient amount of energy and interest. And, indeed, if there were not some truth in this opinion it would be hard to understand how many of our most distinguished men have ever performed any feat that implies mental training; certainly their education has, on any hypothesis, been narrow enough. The true theory as to the intellectual capacity of mathematicians would seem to follow from another view of the case. The line of demarcation between mathematics and other studies is not so profound but that men of first-rate scientific capacity could generally have distinguished themselves in mathematics. At periods when the most promising road to great discoveries led through mathematical investigation, such men would naturally apply themselves to it. As this is no longer the case, a philosophical inquirer will be tempted more strongly by other pursuits; mathematics will be generally left to those who have a sufficiently decided taste for them to consider the labour its own reward, or who have a less decided taste for other more generally interesting studies. In either case we may expect that the pursuit, instead of attracting the most powerful and equally balanced minds, will generally be handed over to people of a special idiosyncrasy and limited ambition. Their relative inferiority accounts for the grain of justice which is to be found in the ordinary assaults upon the class. It is not that mathematical study cramps the mind, but that it is less likely than formerly to absorb the most energetic intellects.

However this may be, there can be no doubt that mathematics have a singular charm for those who consent to abandon their minds to the pursuit. It has the same kind of merit as playing whist or inventing chess problems; it employs the mind, without exciting angry passions. Scientific men, as a general rule, contrive to get up very pretty quarrels, and to abuse one another with almost theological vigour. But mathematicians move in a sphere so far removed from any earthly passions, and address themselves to so select a circle, that they cannot find much to fight about. The battle raised by Mr. Darwin's speculations induced even the most unqualified spectators to join in the fray; but it is simply impossible for a dispute to arise about questions which not a hundred people in the country can even fancy that they understand. There is, we should say, a certain capacity for indignation latent even in these professors of pure science. When a gentleman ventured to make some heterodox remarks about the motion of the moon, he was torn to pieces, in spirit, by the infuriated crowd of philosophers. But it is so difficult for the profane even to approach the sacred precincts, and to utter the necessary shibboleth of mysterious formula, that for the most part the genuine worshippers are left to pursue their meditations in peace. They may look with placid contempt upon the outside world, quarrelling incessantly about theological and political speculations, and spin innumerable webs of speculation from their own internal consciousness, without risking any interruption to their philosophical repose. Thus, of all spiritual opiates there is none comparable to the pursuit of high mathematics. A man who shrinks from vulgar controversy, and is tolerably indifferent to vulgar reputation, may find, in pursuing them, the most convenient retreat from the annoyances which beset the labourers in most departments of thought.

It is a curious question how far one of the most marked differences between the two Universities is caused by this obvious advantage. For many years past, Oxford has been the focus of the disturbances which have affected the religious world. The storms which have swept over English theology have all been traceable to that source; and the battles between different theological sects are still carried on with infinitely greater keenness at Oxford than at the sister University. Various explanations might be suggested of a distinction which has been marked for many years. One of the most obvious is, that the study of mathematics at Cambridge has acted like oil spread upon the troubled waters. The ablest men in the place have been devoted to a study whose principles are universally accepted by all competent inquirers, and in which any considerable controversy is almost impossible. It is only natural that they should shrink from entering upon troublesome debates in which the very first principles are matters of endless dispute. A man who felt any qualms as to the validity of his theological opinions could easily put the question aside; he had, close at hand, a boundless field of inquiry, in which every step might be made with perfect certainty and security. Medical men have been accused, rightly or wrongly, of a tendency to materialism; they have a natural temptation to take into account no part of the organism that cannot be dissected and examined with a microscope. Mathematicians would apparently be inclined rather to indifference to all theological inquiry. A subject in which it is impossible to obtain the data even for a simple equation has no charms for them; they fancy that, as their methods are inapplicable, there can be no possibility of reaching any end to controversy. Some men are content to put aside all such questions by the simple method of attending to their eating and drinking, or smoking. It is a more refined mode of obtaining the same calm to have an absorbing study which you may be perfectly certain will never bring you in sight of any of the disputes which are convulsing the world. When Oxford was convulsed by the parties



which looked up to Newman or to Pusey, Cambridge residents could go on quietly discovering a new property or two of the comic sections, and feel that they were at least free from any unpleasant excitement. Whether this is or is not, on the whole, advantageous is rather too wide a question to be noticed here; but it may suggest some useful hints to young men who are tortured by doubts. There is a pleasant haven of refuge, to be reached by the help of a few abstruse formulæ, where the mind may recover a tone of perfect calmness and indifference.

#### MR. LOWE AND EARL RUSSELL ON HISTORICAL STUDY.

MR. LOWE has been again at his old subject, and with his usual amount of fallacies. Lord Russell has been following in something like the same track. In one sense nothing can be more opposite than the ground taken by the two statesmen respectively. Mr. Lowe attacks our Schools and Universities, not because they fail to teach history well, not because they dwell exclusively on such and such parts of history, but, if we rightly understand him, for the crime of attempting to teach history at all. Lord Russell attacks Oxford and Cambridge, not for attempting to teach some history, but for not attempting to teach enough history—for the supposed crime of attending exclusively to the history of Pericles and Cæsar. Lord Russell, as we have him in the *Times*, is reported in the third person, so that there is a fair chance that what is put into his mouth may be mainly due to the confusions of his reporter. But Mr. Lowe is set before us in all the fulness of what professes to be his actual words—words which seem to have aroused in the Liverpool Philomathic Association an admiring laughter worthy of the Homeric Gods. Lord Russell, if he be not misrepresented, completely misunderstands the facts of his case; but he is at least zealous in the cause of knowledge in some shape or other. Mr. Lowe is engaged in a crusade on behalf of simple ignorance. He wishes to crush the study of history altogether; Lord Russell wishes, in his own way, to promote it. So far Lord Russell and Mr. Lowe directly contradict one another, and so far the sympathy of educated men must go with Lord Russell and against Mr. Lowe. But beneath this seeming opposition there is a very substantial likeness in the two discourses. In both there is the same complete misapprehension of what historical study really is. In both there are the same misstatements, whether due to ignorance or to recklessness, as to what the Universities are really doing. Only such ignorance or such recklessness is far more blameable in Mr. Lowe, who has had every means of knowing what the system which he misrepresents really is, than in Lord Russell, who has never had Mr. Lowe's advantages, and who may be forgiven for not fully understanding the ins and outs, the merits and the defects, the changes for good or for bad, in a system of which he has never had any practical knowledge.

As for Mr. Lowe's general doctrine, it is one which insults not only Oxford and Cambridge men, but all men who do anything for the cultivation of their own minds, all men who value any sort of intellectual pursuit for the sake of intellectual improvement, and not simply so far as it may tend to "success in life." Language, history, mathematics, all come under his ban. Mathematics may indeed be learned for a little way, but only for a little way. Physical science must be just as bad, so far as it remains science, and does not immediately conduce to the making of money. To know the bones of a megatherium tends no more directly to "success in life" than to know the moods of a Latin verb. Yet we trust, notwithstanding Mr. Lowe's anathemas, that there will long be men who will think it worth while to know both, purely for the sake of knowledge, whether they are likely to get richer by knowing them or not. We really need not argue against such a doctrine as this. We leave it to Mr. Matthew Arnold to smite the chief captain of all Philistines. And as for the repeated statement that an Oxford education is merely a "classical education," simply an education in "dead languages," there is nothing to be done but to say that it is not true, and that Mr. Lowe has nobody but himself to blame for not knowing that it is not true. But we may mark the utter unfairness and hardship of attacks of this sort at this particular time. Let Mr. Lowe declaim for ever against the drudgery of the old grammar system, or the folly of setting everybody to make Latin verses. But for an attack on the study of language in general he perversely chooses the very moment when a great attempt is being made in schools, Universities, and everywhere, to put the study of language on a rational basis. Mr. Lowe is as narrow on one side as the dullest pedagogue can be on the other. Mr. Lowe gives us a picture of men who cry out "All Latin or Greek; no French or German." The only answer he can think of is "All French or German; no Latin or Greek." In the true obscurantist spirit he shuts his eyes to the fact that there are men who are trying to persuade the world that between Greek and German there is no opposition, but the closest sisterhood; that they are tongues of kindred origin, appealing to the same powers, to be studied by the same method; that there can be no thorough knowledge of either where there is total ignorance of the other. How little idea Mr. Lowe has of the possibility of any scientific study of language, how utterly in the dark he is about the history of any language, is shown by the contrast which he draws between Latin and English. "Latin," he tells us, "is a language the verbs of which are inflected and the nouns declined, and we all know that the English verbs are inflected by means of auxiliary verbs and that

the nouns are declined by prepositions." Mr. Lowe, in his English style, ought consistently to avoid all aorists; he must never use the English genitive, and he must carefully abstain from the use of pronouns, lest he should stumble into a dative or accusative as well. A man who talks in this way has clearly not the faintest notion of the history and mutual connexion of any language whatever. But then he would doubtless answer that the science of language does not lead to "success in life," that Grimm's Law cannot, like Australian gold, be at once coined into sovereigns. He fights against some unknown class of people who say that the Latin grammar is "the mother of all grammars." If we were to whisper into his ear that there are such languages as Sanscrit, Gothic, and Lithuanian, he would probably tell us that they are no better than Latin and Greek as instruments for making money.

Nothing can be more shortsighted, more illiberal, nothing can be a more thorough pandering to mere ignorance, than this attempt once more to divorce studies which are doing all their best to assert their own identity. Let us turn from his view about language to his views about history. But the words in which they are reported are so frantic and incoherent that one really doubts whether Mr. Lowe can ever have used them. He first cuts short Sir Robert Walpole's famous saying so as to give it a different meaning, or rather no meaning. "Don't read history to me," said Walpole, "for that I know is false." What Walpole meant was a bitter sarcasm on what passed for the history of his own time, perhaps more especially for the history of himself. In the hands of Mr. Lowe or of his reporters this is pared down into "Don't let us read history." Mr. Lowe says that he does not agree with the precept which he thus fathers upon Walpole, and then goes on:—

But I think, when we are teaching another man, the great thing is to teach him what he cannot teach himself. Now, I do not think a man can teach another man history. Let a man read history for himself, for how can any man understand history except by that process? Therefore I think it is a waste of time to try and teach a man that which he cannot teach himself. So that it is a mere burden to the mind.

We do not pretend to know the meaning of these words. We get nothing from them except a dim notion that Mr. Lowe objects to all historical teaching and study whatever. Why cannot a man teach history? Why is it a mere burden to the mind? Or rather, what is the "it" which is the mere burden? If Mr. Lowe's words have any meaning, they mean that no man can teach history to another, but that a man both can and cannot teach history to himself. To say that a man cannot teach history to another who does not read and think for himself is a mere truism not worth uttering. But, if Mr. Lowe means that the living guide is useless, that a qualified teacher can do nothing in directing the course of study, in explaining difficulties, in correcting misapprehensions, he simply shows that he does not know what real teaching is. Mr. Lowe was once a popular "coach" at Oxford. It would seem that he has no ideas on subjects of learning beyond those of a coach. His whole idea of teaching seems to be that of suggesting "tips" for an Examiner, and now that he has found out other ways of "success in life" more profitable than coaching and tips, he says truly enough that his tips are "a mere burden to the mind." But in the Oxford of the present day there has for a long time always been one man—when political exigencies have allowed learning to get a hearing, there have even been two—capable of historical teaching of a higher class than the only teaching dreamed of by Mr. Lowe. Mr. Lowe then goes on to an illustration which we suppose is in some way wonderfully clever, as it was received by the Liverpool Philomaths with "roars of laughter." He makes it an objection to historical study that different men make different estimates of Cromwell and Buonaparte. History therefore "is not the sort of study for the young. It will come perhaps in due course"—at such moments probably as a man bent on "success in life" can spare from the "practical" studies which fill his coffers. Then comes the great joke. "I will take, for instance, Lord Cranworth (meaning doubtless Lord Cranborne) and Mr. Bright—suppose they were to write the history of last year." Then came the roars of laughter from the Philomaths. Now supposing Lord Cranborne and Mr. Bright were to write the history of last year, we can conceive few things more desirable for the future historian of our times. The historical student is simply delighted when he comes across any time which is pictured for him at once by a contemporary Cranborne and a contemporary Bright. There is no way by which he can get so thorough an insight into the real thoughts and feelings of men. He gets a conception of the whole matter far more vivid than he can get from an historian who will no doubt judge the acts of both extreme parties more impartially, but who will not so thoroughly enter into the state of mind of either. A student would doubtless be best pleased to have the Cranborne, the Bright, and the impartial writer as well; but, if he has to choose between one impartial account and the accounts from actors of different sides, he will not improbably prefer two accounts from the two actors. When the roars of laughter had subsided, Mr. Lowe exclaimed, "The amount of scientific certainty they would arrive at!" What has scientific certainty to do with it? There is such a thing as scientific certainty about circles and triangles, where men's passions and opinions are not concerned, but it is a self-contradiction to ask for scientific certainty in any matter where we have to deal with the actions and motives of human beings. Has Mr. Lowe never acted as a magistrate or as a jurymen? If so, has he never heard accounts of the same event as different as Lord

Cranborne's and Mr. Bright's account of the last year could possibly be? And has he always waited for scientific certainty before he ventured to give a verdict between them? But if Mr. Lowe has never acted as a magistrate or as a jurymen, he has certainly often acted as a member of Parliament and of the Government. Has he never spoken or voted or put forth an order of any kind, except when he could obtain scientific certainty about the matter in hand? History is past politics; politics are present history. In neither case is scientific certainty a thing to be had; and, if we are to wait for it, we must not only leave off writing or reading history, but we must also leave off drawing up Revised Codes and supporting or opposing Reform Bills. When Mr. Lowe has got his man educated after his own fashion, ignorant of Greek, ignorant of Latin, all but ignorant of mathematics, knowing English, French, and German in an empirical way, thinking only how to coin Australian gold, or otherwise to obtain success in life, he will after all be obliged to learn some history whether he wishes it or not. Mr. Lowe will hardly keep his newspaper from him, and, if he finds two opposite portraits of Mr. Lowe, and judges for himself between them, he will be going through exactly the same process as if he judged in the like way between two opposite portraits of Buonaparte or Cromwell or Caesar, and in none of the cases will he find that "scientific certainty" is a thing at all within his reach, or one that has anything to do with the matter in hand.

It is at least pleasant to turn from Mr. Lowe, who denounces all knowledge which does not tend immediately to fill the purse, to Lord Russell, who at least recognises that various studies may be, and ought to be, followed from higher motives than Mr. Lowe's one object of "success in life." But Lord Russell still allows himself to talk as if "classics" were the only objects of University study. Of course the particular phrase used is that no other pursuits lead to University rewards. But starting from this, Lord Russell, like many other talkers on the subject, allows himself to go on in a way which would lead those who are not familiar with the matter to fancy that no other studies are pursued at all. When a man says with great emphasis that young men should not only study A but B also, and draws out the contrast between A and B at great length, the inference that his hearers will draw will be that B is not studied at all—not, what is the truth, that it is studied very largely, though it does not so directly lead to University rewards as A. Lord Russell's solemn appeal on behalf of the study of Physical Science and Modern History has an odd sound as addressed to a body which dispenses honours in both subjects twice a year, and where one subject at least attracts a very large number of students to seek after its possibly barren laurels. As for Physical Science, it is just the study on which the University of Oxford has been spending its money so lavishly that it seems to have very little left for anything else. The votaries of History walk by the stately pile of the New Museum, and sometimes venture on the thought that they might at least have been allowed hundreds, or at any rate tens, while their brethren have swallowed down their thousands. Lord Russell seems to forget that there are physical science Professors, physical science Fellows, physical science Scholars. Without looking to the Calendar we could name several men whose Fellowships were won wholly by their physical science attainments. In fact the lack which Physical Science just now labours under in Oxford is not lack of teachers, not lack of endowments, but lack of students. Look at any class list, and compare the number of candidates in Natural Science with those in any of the other three branches. And if Law and Modern History do not offer sufficient rewards, it is not the fault either of the University, or of those who undertook to reform the University. There is a place called All Souls, and if its thirty Fellowships are not always applied to the purpose for which they are meant, the electors alone are to blame. But really Lord Russell need not get up and say that men ought to be instructed in the laws and history of their country, that they ought to learn what their ancestors have done, that they ought not to be content with the laurels of Pericles and Caesar, when, even without the prospect of rewards, so large a portion of the students of the University are doing the very thing which Lord Russell says they ought to do. His words might have had some force in 1848; in 1868 they are altogether wide of their mark. Lord Russell's notions of historical study are also somewhat amusing, and his selection of authors for contrast is very decidedly so. Our youth are to study not only—that "not only" explains the difference between Lord Russell and Mr. Lowe—Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, and Tacitus, but Clarendon, Hume, Hallam, and Macaulay. Are Clarendon, Hume, Hallam, and Macaulay writers of the same class or of the same degree of value? Are they supposed to balance the Greek and Roman writers set against them? What is there in common between Clarendon, an original authority, and Hume, a writer of romance? What has either in common with Hallam, the man of research and reflection, or with Macaulay, the man of brilliant portraiture and narrative? Hume may perhaps be intended to pair off with Livy, but then Livy did not merely write the first decade. There are parts of Livy where he acts as a translator of Polybius; there are other parts, now lost, where he must himself have been an authority. But, unless he means to attack the Fellows of All Souls—and even at All Souls some Fellowships are given away by merit—Lord Russell is simply attacking enemies who do not exist. Nobody except Mr. Lowe wishes to keep young men from knowing the laws and history of their country, from reading Clarendon or Macaulay or anybody else. Lord Russell shows them that, for the final Oxford exami-

nation, the laws and history of our ancestors, and the laurels of Pericles and Caesar, are alternate subjects, put on a footing of perfect equality. A man may take up either or both, or he may forsake both for physics or mathematics. In this state of things it is simply nonsense to affirm, or even to imply, that Oxford does nothing but teach "classics" and "dead languages." Mr. Lowe, who proclaims himself the enemy of all intellectual culture whatever, is of course beyond the reach of argument. But Lord Russell seems simply to need to learn the facts. Only it would have been better if he had learned them before he began to talk about the matter.

#### TRADES-UNIONISM.

**I**RELAND, Education, Scotch and Irish Suffrage, Reform, Abyssinia, the Eastern difficulty, *Alabama* claims—all these subjects of the day seem likely to be swallowed up by the great Trade question. We say Trade question, of which Unionism is only a factor. The existence of this country depends on its trade, and it is a very serious matter indeed if the possibility of carrying on our trade ever becomes doubtful. As in the case of a woman's reputation, a doubt is fatal; and for the first time in our national experience the subject is legitimately and painfully open to serious apprehensions. Between the representatives of labour as opposed to capital—and we can only pause to note the fallacy which denies that labour is capital—expressing themselves through Mr. George Potter on the one hand, and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Roebuck on the other, there is one cardinal matter in dispute into which all other considerations merge. This is the limitation of labour. Strikes, the apprentice question, the hours of labour question, the minimum of wages question—all these are only subordinate matters. They stand or fall with the freedom or restriction of the labour-owner doing what he likes with his own, selling, as he can, his time and strength on the best terms he can get. Mr. Potter has been good enough to give a prelibation of the draught which he is about to offer to Mr. Gladstone at the conference of the 18th of February; and Mr. Roebuck, in his plain-spoken address to the Sheffield artisans, has sufficiently indicated the answer which may be given to the demands of Unionism. Mr. Potter says that the limitation of labour is, as a matter of fact, enforced in the learned professions; that, as regards trades where it is adopted, the particular trades are flourishing; that where it is not adopted, they are distressed; and that combination on the part of workmen to secure a *minimum* of wages is just and expedient, because in the struggle between employers and employed the owner of capital can hold out longer than the owner of time and strength and skill.

With respect to its cardinal point, Mr. Roebuck has certainly brought the discussion down to the level of first principles. He says that, legitimately carried out, the prohibition against new hands entering the labour-market, by limiting the number of apprentices, is only an indirect form of infanticide. If the contributors of labour in the social hive are to be reduced to a fixed quantity, all the superfluous young must either be killed off, or the hatching of a new brood must be prevented. We must in the long run fall back upon the known practice of China and ancient Greece, or upon the alleged habits of France. The population must be killed off, or artificially contracted. Mr. Roebuck takes a crucial instance of the effects of the limitation of labour when carried into practice, and recited to his Sheffield audience a tragic tale of real life. No doubt the case was a strong one, but it is only by strong cases, and by looking to the consistent and legitimate results of a principle, that the principle can be understood. Mr. Potter says that the crimes of Broadhead and his gang are exceptional; but Broadhead argued, and the public opinion of the Sawgrinders went with him, that Unionism was a mockery and imposture unless it faced the responsibility of working its principle out to the bitter end; and it will be for Mr. Potter and his select band of sophists to persuade Mr. Gladstone that the limitation of apprentices is anything better than inchoate, or rather masked, infanticide. This is a forcible way of putting the claim advanced by the Unions to contract the area of competition in labour; but it really comes to the same thing whether a man's child is thrown over a precipice, or left to starve. The difference is between a short and merciful death and a lingering starvation. Why this result does not come about is because that millennium in which every workman shall practise the duty of killing off his competitors has not yet arrived. Labourers' families are not as yet starved to death because there are some trades which at present have not placed their austere limitations on labour. But Mr. Potter says they ought to do so, and do it at once. And when they do it, when all trades alike restrict the number of workmen to be employed, when every avenue into every trade is barred against the entrance of an extra pair of hands, there is nothing left for their owner but a ditch or a dung-hill to die on. These are the tender mercies of Unionism to labour, or rather the labourer. This is the answer Mr. Potter gives to every working-man who only pleads to be let alone, to follow any trade where he can get employment, and to sell his labour for what it will bring.

The worst of it is that this very aspect of Unionism, the right or duty of enforcing an artificial and cruel interference with private rights, even to the extent of saying that a man should be prohibited from providing bread for himself and his own household, has not only been selected by Mr. Potter as the strongest argument for Unionism, but is still maintained at Sheffield in spite,



not only of the revelations of last autumn, but at the very moment when the Commissioners were publishing their Report. Mr. Roebuck spoke on Monday night, and only got hooted and mobbed by those who had invited him to express his opinions. On Tuesday the Overend Commissioners published their report of the doings of the Sheffield Assassination Committee and Arson Club, embodying their distinct and solemn conclusion that the murders were promoted, encouraged, and connived at by the Saw Grinders' Union; and they bring home to twelve of the Sheffield trades the crime of promoting and encouraging lesser, but grave, attacks on person and property. But all this is thrown away on Sheffield, and Sheffield only happens, by a mere accident, to have been more forward and more consistent in carrying out a policy and a principle which—we accept Mr. Potter's description of it—is fundamental and essential to Unionism, its strongest point, its most defensible position, and even its praiseworthy and crowning glory. On this principle Mr. Potter takes his stand, and to it he hopes, or at any rate is going to try, to convert Mr. Gladstone. To say that it embodies in its worst form the exploded doctrine of Protection; to prove that it is only a revival of monopolies in their most grinding incidence; to demonstrate from history that it was mainly upon the ruins of medieval guilds and trade fraternities and sumptuary laws and compulsory prices that the stately fabric of modern trade arose, is to say nothing. We can hardly expect that the men who do not cover themselves with confusion at the very name of Broadhead, and who think infernal machines playful hints, and rattening a standing joke, will be capable of being influenced by any arguments drawn from history, or be prepared to admit any broader social principle than that of intense selfishness, or any other moral duty than that of getting the largest slice, and hindering others from getting any slice, of the common loaf of humanity; but we should think that they are not quite impervious to the personal argument of starvation. Unionism, we have argued, would lead naturally to starvation in the case of those forbidden by trade rules from entering into the limited field of labour and competition. It has not actually come to infanticide and starvation because all trades have not adopted Mr. Potter's doctrine and practice.

But besides this check on the full development of Mr. Potter's beautiful ideal of trade there is, here in London at any rate, another drag on the wheel. Charity steps in; we have not yet acquired Mr. Potter's stern and iron consistency. He says that, in the interests of the existing and limited Sacred Band of Labourers, all outsiders and intruders must be rigorously excluded. He will not let them work; and if by excluding them from the fold they starve, it is not his fault, nor is it any concern of Unionism. Not having attained this sublime height of selfishness, we are just now, in the East-end of London, spending and wasting, as some think, enormous sums, because some thousands—or, as it is said, hundreds of thousands—are starving, or likely to starve. In the immediate interest of watching Mr. Corbett's attempt to see whether some consistent and common-sense plan cannot be devised for checking the profligate waste of charity which is now going on, we are apt to lose sight of the character of the beggars and receivers of alms. For this sad purpose the meeting held the other day is of frightful significance. The unemployed shipwrights of Blackwall and Poplar represent, in more senses than one, that vociferous mass of pauperism which makes the name of the East-end of such evil repute. Although it is not true that all the clamorous pauperism of that huge district consists of shipwrights alone, yet it is universally admitted that the collapse of the shipbuilding trade has brought down with it all employment connected with it in that vast region of London. Had the prosperity of the shipbuilders' yards continued, we should have heard nothing, or at any rate much less, of the sufferings of Stepney and Bethnal Green. It is of the first importance, therefore, to know why it is that the London shipwrights have no work. The answer is, because they choose to have no work; and the result is precisely what, in the beginning of these observations, we said must be the ultimate result; limitation of labour in one staple trade operates far beyond the bounds of that single trade, and injures, and fatally injures, the whole labouring class. The shipwrights might have work, but because shipbuilders cannot take orders except at a great reduction of profits, the labourers, unless they can be paid at the same high and exceptional wages which could be given in more prosperous, and exceptionally prosperous times, will not work at all. The meeting at Millwall brought this out. It was proved that there was shipbuilding going on in the Clyde; it was proved that shipbuilding might be going on in the Thames, if capitalists and labourers would but consent to take lower profits; it was proved that the capitalists were ready and anxious to do their part, and to take work at a minimum of profit; but the owners of labour declined. They had rather starve, or, more accurately, would rather eat the bread of idleness and pauperism than accept the slightest reduction of wages. They are resolved, as they say, "to stick out for their late wages"; and this resolve is no hasty or impetuous one. Last year the very same resolution was taken; "in discharge of a sacred duty to their families" these very men declined to take lower wages. After twelve months they persist in their resolution; and after twelve months they consider it no degradation to themselves to continue paupers, and no wrong to their brethren of other crafts to pauperize them. This has been going on for eighteen months, and the patience and charity of the public has not been exhausted. But it soon will be, or soon ought to be. Work has deserted London, and work is offered to the London

mechanics. They will not take it; and we listen to appeals for the families of workmen thrown out of employment; that is, of sullen, obstinate men who, as far as we are yet informed, persistently decline to be employed. They have been told that this meeting of last Saturday will do them incalculable harm; and we are quite willing to believe that, man by man, there is not a single shipwright who, in his individual capacity, prefers to receive alms to doing an honest and honourable day's work. But the corporate tyranny coerces the individual; Unionism is too strong for the honest mechanic; the glory of a workman and his dignity is merged in the superior duty of fatal obedience to what he is told by Mr. Potter is the interest of his class and order. There is something almost touching in this sublime and apathetic suppression of natural instincts, but there is something also of terrible and evil omen in it. If the unemployed shipwrights assembled last Saturday at Burdett Hall are right in their conclusions, the principle of Unionism requires that the Glasgow shipwrights should make common cause with the London shipwrights. All shipwrights in Great Britain ought to combine to make it impossible for shipbuilders to take any contract within the four seas; in other words, the limitation of labour ought to be, and Mr. Potter will do his best that it shall be, of universal incidence. The screw must be worked on every employer of labour by every owner of labour. And yet Mr. Potter says that to anticipate the loss of English trade is a scarecrow.

Ascending from these practical to purely theoretical considerations, social philosophers will not be slow to perceive that Unionism at the best is an anachronism, and is a relapse into a barbarous stage of society. It is really only a form of caste. Men unite first for self-defence, but soon proceed to self-aggrandizement; the claim for rights advances to a claim for privileges, and privileges expand into restrictions, monopolies, tyrannies. When a Hindoo belongs to a certain caste, his rules and restrictions are precisely those imposed by a Trades' Union. An interloper into a privileged caste is punished, and caste is lost if a member of an exclusive trade fails to obey the laws and minute regulations of the society or organization to which he belongs. Just as India is advancing in social life, and is gradually but surely divesting itself of caste—an institution not perhaps unsuitable to a rude state of society and a form of government which even in Asia has passed away—it is a curious and at the same time melancholy fact that, in the full blaze of Christianity, and at the high noon of liberal ideas in government and personal liberty, we in England should be retrograding into a narrow system which was the worst feature of the middle ages in Europe, and which in India has proved to be the most fatal hindrance to civilization and social progress.

#### NATURALIZATION.

ERE long the status of an American citizen threatens to become a question equally puzzling in its metaphysical and in its practical bearings. The doubts and perplexities which it seems likely to involve can only find their parallel in the discussions of mediæval schoolmen. They relate to his quiddity and his quantity, the attributes which can be applied to him and the space which he can fill. It was a moot point with the old schoolmen whether angels pass from point to point without touching intermediate points, and whether more than one angel can exist at the same moment on the same point. In the same way, it will soon become a question whether an American citizen cannot exist in all space at once, be a citizen of all States, a legislator in all Chambers, and a factor in all human business; and, as it was also a question which much exercised the subtlety of the scholastic churchmen whether an angel could love a possibly unexisting other angel better than an existing insect, so it may become a question fit to exercise modern thought whether an American can love a possibly unexisting Fenian better than an actually existing and proximate negro. Meantime, the Representatives of the United States are feeling their way as representatives of the human race, by voting remonstrances to the British Government on behalf of those poor deluded creatures whose benevolent sympathies prompted them to make a raid into Canada, and thus brought them within the unsympathetic jurisdiction of Canadian Courts. As we do not feel ourselves equal to sounding the profound abstractions of the metaphysical part of the question, we may perhaps be pardoned for confining ourselves to its practical bearings.

So far as can be gathered from the context of the letters in which this proposed intervention of the United States in favour of rebel prisoners is recorded, it does not so much proceed from the promptings of disinterested benevolence as from the jealousy of a widely comprehensive patriotism. The House of Representatives might *prima facie* be supposed only to be doing the same act, either officious or benevolent, which is sometimes done by members of our own House of Commons in interceding generally on behalf of political prisoners sentenced by the Courts of a friendly State. But that it is doing something more than this is evident from all its concurrent measures and policy. Its remonstrance in this case is part and parcel of the general system of remonstrance against the interference of foreign Governments with reputed citizens of the United States. The House of Representatives has expressed its resolution to vindicate the general status of American citizens, in whatever part of the world they may have been born, and to whatever Government they may have been born subject. Close on this Resolution came another Resolution to ask for the release

of the Rev. John McMahon and John Lynch, both prisoners in Canada, and of Colonels John Warren and W. Nagh, and all other American citizens "who have been arrested in Ireland and are now imprisoned without sufficient reason." It is impossible to separate the two Resolutions, and it is worth while to consider their joint effect. So long as the American grievance was confined to the hardship of compelling the born subject of a European State, who had resided twelve or twenty years in America, to serve in the army of his native State on his temporary return to his old home, there was little to object to its mitigation beyond the inconvenience of exceptional legislation. The man who had lived for many years in America was still, according to every European law, a subject of the country of his birth, and liable to the performance of certain duties towards it. At the same time it was hard that the Prussian or the Hessian who had occupied for the last dozen years a farm in Ohio or Michigan, and who returned for the sole purpose of selling off all his European property, or of bringing out some orphan nephews and nieces to his Transatlantic home, should be caught and compelled to do three or four years' soldiering. In such a case there was nothing very irrational in requesting foreign Governments to regard their subjects, after ten or twelve years' continuous residence in America, as American citizens. But it is quite a different thing to regard European subjects, after a couple of years' residence, as divested of their original nationality. There are so many reasons which make a transitory domicile in America a matter of necessity to hundreds of aliens that the claims of permanent citizenship ought not to be recognised without grave deliberation. There is an absurdity in the hypothesis that every Englishman who goes to the States for two or three years, because he is in debt or in love, or some other difficulty, should by that process be divested of his responsibilities as an English subject. But the absurdity pales beside the ludicrous pretension that a disaffected Irishman, who crosses the Atlantic with the purpose of fomenting sedition in Ireland and conspiring against the integrity of this realm, should, when caught on English soil, be protected by theegis of American citizenship from the merited penalty of English law.

Yet the pretension of the Resolution to which we refer is neither more nor less than this. The Representatives of the people of the United States demand that men of British birth who were captured in an act of war against the Sovereign of England, on English soil, should be rescued from the legal consequences of their treason. Where they do not demand this they demand something as large. When they do not remonstrate against the infliction of a merited penalty, they take upon themselves to question the justice of the prisoners' sentence, and the impartiality of the judge who pronounced it. It would be very difficult to find a precedent for so arrogant and offensive a claim. Spain, in the pride of her palmiest days, committed many insolent and high-handed acts. We, when we were a younger and less cautious nation than we are now, rivalled, if we did not outstrip, Spain in our dictatorial officiousness. But neither Spain, when she was "Spain and the Indies," nor England under the strong hand of Cromwell, or again after the splendid victories of Marlborough, ever presumed to intermeddle with the administration of justice in the Courts of foreign nations. This has been reserved for a people who apparently believe audacity to be the trump card of diplomacy. But even the audacity of a young and reckless people may be strained too far. The States of Europe are all interested in a matter which touches their relations, not only with foreign Governments, but also with their own native populations. Not only England, but France, Austria, and Prussia, must inquire what are the limitations to the pretensions which the United States advance to interfere with the domestic economy of foreign Powers. Perhaps, after some demur, they may be not indisposed to acquiesce in the relinquishment of their claims on the military service of such of their subjects as have been actually domiciled for many years in the territory of the United States. But such an acquiescence will neither imply nor approximate to the abandonment of a right to try, convict, and condemn criminals who owe the security and the success of their treason to the protection of American citizenship, and the bluster of American politicians. It is impossible that European Governments can believe that it is for their interest to allow the procedure of their own tribunals and the interpretation of their own laws to be questioned and annulled at the instance of Western Republicans. Nor do we understand what are the peculiar features in our condition which have inspired the Americans with such a confidence in the result of their importunity. A comparison between the United States and the United Kingdom does not establish such a contrast as ought to make us afraid of them, or diffident of ourselves. We are as numerous as they are, we are richer than they are, we have not a much bigger debt than they have. And, though doubtless their books of history are planned on a marvellous scale of narrative and comment, yet their less illiterate readers must be disposed to acknowledge that half a century ago, when we were just half as numerous and less than half as rich as we are now, we conducted a great and important war on the Continent of Europe, while we also conducted a parenthetical war on the Continent of America. We did this at a time of greater distress and disaffection among our labouring population and middle-classes than perhaps have ever been witnessed since. If they look to Ireland as our weak point, we may remind them that Ireland was a more open and dangerous enemy then than she is now; and that we had kept her down, and put down a mutiny in our fleet, while we were waging war in

almost every part of the globe. And if we have an Irish difficulty, they have a negro difficulty. If Irishmen plot against England in both hemispheres, the Southerner still nourishes a sullen hatred against negro insolence and Yankee domination. Nor do we need statistics to teach us how to hold our own. Strong as may be the ties of commerce and the instincts of trade, the sense of national dignity has not so entirely died out among us that we can placidly admit the political postulate that thirty millions of our race may do and threaten whatever they list on one side of the Atlantic, while thirty millions of the same race on the other must submit in silent fear. It is probable enough that the tall talk of the House of Representatives has been adapted solely to the object of catching the Irish vote. But this consideration is by no means reassuring as regards the future. The Irish element grows every year stronger in the States, and with it the influence of the Irish vote. If, every time that an election is coming on (which means once every year in some State or other), the Irish are to be conciliated by an officious demand on foreign Governments to liberate all Irish prisoners who may have been convicted of felony or treason, then one of two things must be the result. Either a new diplomatic phraseology must be coined to meet the necessities of an impracticable negotiation, or England and every other European Power must at once assert, in language of unmistakeable firmness, the same rights which the United States have always claimed for themselves.

If the Ministers of the United States pretend that it is their mission to connive at seditious risings in every friendly nation, and to protect their authors, the sooner that policy is avowed the better for all parties interested. When it is avowed, both England and other States will know what course to pursue. If, on the other hand, there is no serious intention of extorting from the British Government perpetual impunity for Irish rebels who attack our forts, blow up our gaols, and murder our police within the four seas, the question remains, how should we meet a similar demand when made with respect to Canada? Canada is a long way off from us, very insufficiently protected, very thinly populated, and very much exposed along an extensive frontier; and an expedition of filibustering Fenians might do a great deal of damage to the colony, and inflict a considerable humiliation. As yet, however, we are equally averse to suspect that the American Government would countenance a filibustering raid upon the neighbouring colony, and that the British Government would tamely submit to such an indignity.

#### THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

WHAT is the Education Question? It is rather amazing that we should still be asking this after all the stately declarations of Lord Stanley and the elaborate programme of the Manchester Congress; but the very inquiry strips off at once a cloud of generalities, and sets us face to face with practical facts. The question, then, is not as to the need of further efforts in the extension of education. It is superfluous to cite statistics by way of proving a deficiency of instruction which nobody denies. Nor, again, is it a question as to the expediency or the efficiency of the present system. No warmer testimony as to both can be quoted than that given by Mr. Bruce, Mr. Lowe, or Sir James Shuttleworth. Nor, again, is it a question as to the desirableness of aiding that efficiency by compulsory enactments. Such enactments are being put in force, and their effect will soon be ascertained. But these, changes though they be, are simply developments of the present system; they in nowise destroy its voluntary and denominational character. The question really is, whether our instruction is to retain that character at all; whether we are to develop the present system or to abolish it; whether we are designing a reform or a revolution in education.

If Lord Stanley chooses to veil the intentions of the Government under the indefinite pledge of "a wise, large, and well-considered measure for the education of the people," the resolutions of the Manchester Conference have at any rate the merit of defining very clearly the platform of the Liberal advocates of change in our system of education. The recent gathering at the Society of Arts, while ostensibly assembled simply to enforce the demand for technical instruction, served in fact as an official declaration of adhesion to this programme by Lord Russell and the Whigs; and this adhesion, combined with the general support of the Liberal press, makes it certain that a measure founded on these resolutions will be laid in the coming Session before Parliament. The Manchester programme has at any rate the merit of boldness and precision. Without any formal abandonment of the present denominational system, it demands that secular schools shall henceforth receive Government aid; the Conscience Clause is to be made a necessary condition of public assistance; powers are to be given for the levying of local rates where voluntary action is inadequate to the necessities of the district, and for the creation of local committees for their administration. Where a district remains recalcitrant, its powers of levying rates are to be transferred to the Committee of Council. Lastly, education is to divest itself of its involuntary character, and to rely upon compulsion. The first two demands have little bearing on the real question at issue, and may be very briefly dismissed. They seem, in fact, to be little more than sops thrown out to a party which, though it has as yet done little in promoting education, can still perhaps exercise a powerful influence in ob-



structing it—the party of the pure Secularists. Bitterly as the proposal to extend aid to non-denominational schools would have been fought over years ago, it excites only a languid interest now, and is as condescendingly patronized by Archdeacon Denison as it is petted by its Secularist authors. The question, as Mr. Hubbard shrewdly pointed out, has long ago been practically settled by the introduction of the Conscience Clause. It was hardly worth while making a fight for the exclusion of schools affording no religious instruction, when, in the schools that profess to afford it, scholars are allowed to refuse to accept it. Of the Conscience Clause itself we have already expressed our opinion; it is at once the most unreal and the most offensively irritating of all the concessions made to the Dissenting cry. Two London schools, we learn, pique themselves on having adopted it; it would be more interesting for them to show in what way it has made them more liberal in actual working than the rest of the schools about them. The clause is, in fact, a mere bravado of Liberalism pitting itself against the humorous bigotry of the bravadoes of Archdeacon Denison; but it is never very wise to stoop to this kind of children's warfare, and in this case the provision against an almost impossible danger has succeeded only in creating a source of bitter irritation among a large body of the most practical supporters of education. Putting aside, however, the irritation it has created, the Conscience Clause is a very minute question, and, in considering the graver issues of the matter, it may be passed over without much remark. It is the application of compulsion to parents and to localities that forms really the essence of the Manchester programme; and it is the more important to mark some at least of the bearings of this proposed compulsion on the present education of the country, that the warmest advocates of local rating and obligatory attendance are still loud in their professions of loyalty to the denominational system, and in deprecating any interference with voluntary action. Mr. Lowe is careful to assure us that he does not contemplate any interference with schools already existing; he would simply have the old and the new schools to work peaceably side by side. Even while contending that its "weakness in the initiative" should be supplemented by direct administrative action, Sir James Shuttleworth warmly expresses his belief that the combined system of voluntary and governmental support is too deeply rooted in the habits and sympathies of the nation to be shaken, that it is stronger than any rival that can be brought against it. Mr. Bruce is not less ardent in his declaration of unwillingness to destroy the existing educational organization; but it is remarkable that not one of these gentlemen has ever attempted to show how far that organization is practically compatible with their new proposals, or how its denominational and voluntary character is in the new state of things to be preserved. Yet the question whether it can be preserved is the real question at issue, for unless that can be secured it is not a mere development of education that is before us, but an educational revolution.

We do not profess to be prophets, but it needs little power of foresight to conceive what will actually take place in a district at present inadequately provided with the means of instruction. A rate, let us suppose, is levied for the purpose of providing additional schools of an undenominational character, and the administration of this rate is entrusted to a local board of a similar type. We are not now inquiring what the general result of this would be on the instruction of the district; our narrower question is simply what would be its effects on the existing denominational schools? How, for instance, are the voluntary subscriptions which furnish a third of the income of a denominational school, and the decline of which even now is a serious difficulty in its support, to be maintained in face of a local rate? The very presence of a local fund of such a kind in the neighbourhood would dry up the springs of voluntary contribution, and the school will have to front the fact of a crushing deficit. The school, in fact, will be at once "thrown on the rates"; it will be starved into submission to the local committee, and with that submission its independent management and its denominational character would simply pass away. Whoever may form the local committee, whether it be an elective body or a body of nominees—or, as Mr. Lowe with much greater probability suggests, the Town Council in municipal boroughs, and the Board of Guardians in rural districts—the body which supplies the funds, and not the managers who cannot supply them, will be the real depository of power. It is improbable that managers will content themselves with the trouble of education when all responsibility and authority have passed out of their hands, even if it were likely that the local Board would permit any obstacle to remain in the way of their direct exercise of control. The close of such a school's independence would be the close of its denominational character. No one contends that it would be possible for a local committee to connect the new schools of its own creation with any particular denomination, and even were it possible, it would be at once resisted as unjust. As Mr. Hubbard has pointed out, a public rate applied to denominational uses would be exposed to the same objections, and would encounter a yet bitterer hostility than the present system of Church rates. But the same arguments hold good against extending any aid to the existing schools so long as they retain their distinctively religious character. With the exception of those maintained by private liberality, they must become secular, or starve. While, too, their number will be continually diminished by this quiet process of atrophy, their proportionate importance will be continually diminished by the creation of new schools; for as "the power of the initiative"

is now handed over to the locality or the State, new schools must in all cases be secular. It is impossible that a continually diminishing number of bankrupt schools could long hold their own against a continually increasing number of secular institutions maintained in perfect solvency and efficiency, and in some five or ten years the revolution would be complete.

From the religious point of view, we frankly confess, the prospect gives us little uneasiness. However secular schools may be in name, it will be impossible, in the present state of public opinion, not to allow some hours in the week for religious instruction—voluntary, it may be, on the part of the teacher, as of the taught; but, with this exception, much the same in nature and effect as that which is at present afforded by the clergy. We do not believe that Dissenting teachers will suddenly take to this branch of pastoral work, or that parents will withdraw their children from this portion of the education given. On the contrary, we have always found religious instruction the one thing valued and deemed essential by the poorer class of parents. The instance of the failure of this system in America is very little to the point; the position of the clergy there is wholly different, and a clerical habit of giving religious instruction in their schools never existed. But even there the energy of the Roman Catholic priests has—if we may trust the Bishop of Tennessee—succeeded in overcoming the difficulty as far as they are concerned, and in proving that the failure of the rest of the clergy is owing, not to the system, but to themselves. To the Church, indeed, we take it, the abolition of the so-called denominational system would not be a loss, but a gain. The really serious part of the matter lies in the ruin of all voluntary action. At present a parson feels himself almost as responsible for the education of his flock as for their religion; the same subscription fund which provides his church provides next for the erection of his schools. A parish without schools is counted as a disgrace to its clergy; an estate without schools would cast a slur on its landlord. It may possibly be necessary to incur the risk of killing these educational forces of religion and property in large towns, but is it necessary to do so where they are the only forces which really exist? Society in the country is constructed on the simple patriarchal type, and the scheme of rural education at present reflects very fairly the aspect of society. At the peril of offending the lovers of uniformity and pigeon-holes, we would ask whether it is absolutely needful that, where social conditions so radically differ, educational conditions must remain the same, whether the changes now proposed, if they are to be carried into effect at all, might not be confined to municipal boroughs, and whether rural schools might not still be left to the squire's wife and to the parson. As it is, the school furnishes the one point of social contact between the two widely different classes of society who front one another over the length and breadth of England; and we frankly confess our reluctance to see this sacrificed to a mere pedantic love of system. In our present remarks we have confined ourselves, as our readers may perceive, simply to the point of compulsory rating; compulsory attendance is another and a very different question. Whether its adoption in combination with the present system might not be sufficient for all the purposes ostensibly aimed at, how far it is practicable on a universal scale, how far it is really in force at the present moment, we may consider at another opportunity. Our object has been simply to show the real nature of the proposals for local rates and local committees, and to answer the question whether it is really a reform that is proposed or a revolution.

#### POLITICAL CHAFF.

THE most complete justification of the critical school in history can be established by the current newspapers of the day; or, it may be, its most triumphant refutation. In the present we read the past, and the thing that is most likely was. If to reconstruct history from the authentic records of facts which are in everybody's hands, and which for the most part are not more than thirty years old, is found to be utterly hopeless, it may well be that considerable doubt must attach to what professes to be the history of a nation or a principle from which we are separated by thousands of years and by a total difference in the state of society. The Niebuhr or Cornwall Lewis or Ewald of the future will have no easy task when he comes, some ten centuries hence, to rebuild the political history of England ranging over the period between 1830 and 1868, if he falls across the materials furnished him by the speeches just delivered at Sheffield and Bristol by Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Ferrand. The value of any standard of the credibility of early Roman history may be estimated by what we know as to the trustworthiness of our modern English chroniclers. Mr. Ferrand, who speaks with the authority of a contemporary annalist, may come to be appealed to for such statements as these:—Toryism is a political Freemasonry, connecting all classes of society by a common bond of union, irrespective of party, blood, creed, and social rank; and of this liberal and cosmopolitan hierarchy Lord John Manners has been for twenty-six years the Hierophant, or Most Noble Grand, or something of that sort. The Duke of Wellington, quite contrary to the feelings, wishes, and opinions of the Tories, declared against Reform. The Tories for centuries had been the natural leaders of the working population, and the working population for centuries had returned a hundred and fifty members to the

House of Commons. Sir Charles Wetherell was a Tory, a friend to the working-men, and gave up his whole life and energies to their cause. The Poor-law Commissioners forcibly transplanted vast colonies of working-men from the South to the North, in order to keep down factory wages, and this at the instigation of Mr. Bright. Mr. Gladstone publicly defended Tom Paine's *Rights of Man*, in the House of Commons, at some time before the year 1845. He also, in 1867, published a letter stating that Trades-Unions were an evil. He represented Newark for three years only, and in 1835 he was turned out of the representation of that place by the Duke of Newcastle. Although Mr. Ferrand does not state this curious fact, somehow Mr. Gladstone succeeded in keeping his seat for that place for eleven years, till he resigned it in 1846. This is history according to the veracious and reliable chronicle of William of Bristol. Let us turn to the Sheffield annals.

Here we have the pendant to Mr. Ferrand's picture; and the future historian of England, having satisfied himself that the Tories of England were all along the most liberal politicians, will now proceed to learn that, according to the contemporaneous evidence of Mr. Roebuck, the Whigs for more than thirty years have persistently and systematically resisted Liberalism; and that to the Tories belongs the credit, or discredit, of having passed the only real reforms of the age—such as the Resumption of Cash Payments, Catholic Emancipation, Free Trade, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and finally, the crowning blessing of the Constitution of 1867. For forty years Mr. Roebuck has watched public affairs, and has been an active partisan himself; and this is his personal testimony. From two opposite quarters then we have two converging streams of light, or what passes for light, and each meeting at that one point which displays in full radiance the liberalism of the Tories and the illiberalism of the Whigs. The curious thing is, that there is and that there is not truth in all this—that is, that it is both true and false to say that the true Liberals are the Tories and the true obstructives the Whigs. Pontius Pilate was a true, though unconscious, prophet; Alaric and Attila were benefactors to the human race in spite of their destroying, or by virtue of their destroying, civilization and the arts of life; Julian the Apostate was a model ruler if it is the first duty of a sovereign to resist ecclesiastical supremacy; and to the Papacy we owe constitutionalism, because the Popes were the first to proclaim liberty to the serf; and so on. This is what is called the philosophy of history, and we may judge what a good deal of it is worth if with so much speciousness living sophists may argue that we owe all our advances in political liberty, free thought, and the elevation of the people to those very men who have all the time been supposed to have been doing their best to resist progress and change. The whole thing illustrates oddly enough the fallaciousness of many historical judgments. The facts are unequivocal and sufficiently established. But it is just as possible to misread them as to read them aright, and all for lack of one little qualifying fact on one side or the other. It is quite true that every really liberal measure has been passed by the Tories, and equally true that genuine reforms have one and all been resisted or spoilt by the Whigs. And yet it is equally true that the Tories are Tories and the Liberals Liberals, and that these names are signs of ideas and facts too.

To announce the liberalism of the Tories at Bristol required two stage effects. Just as in the Greek Tragedy it required a stately solemn trilogy, relieved by the buffoonery of a satyric drama, to complete a poetic whole, even so at Bristol, after a Stanley, a Pakington, and a Hardy, a Ferrand was wanted to round off the solemn mockery of the pompous banquet by a bit of broad farce at a Free-and-Easy. Actor and audience, both on the tragic and comic scene, were alike inspired on either occasion. A decorous dulness and platitude reigned while the great Conservative three harangued solemnly after dinner, and the hearers, like the speakers, did their parts with due decorum during Lord Stanley's liberal speech; and certainly a more than Fescennine license inspired the Bristol boys as Mr. Ferrand, smeared with wine- lees, delivered himself of his horse jokes about Mr. Gladstone's *Éloge* of Tom Paine, and his proof of Sir Charles Wetherell's devotion to the working-man. The Conservative working-men went so far in their appreciation of these lively fictions as to break out into a lyrical demonstration of sympathy, and the air of "Slap Bang! here we are again!" sufficiently attested their cordial reception of Mr. Ferrand's proof of the existence of irrepressible Toryism in all the good and gracious and liberal and noble ideas of the past.

It is perhaps scarcely respectful to Mr. Roebuck to bracket his self-asserting self-glorification, and his really humorous speech at Sheffield, with Mr. Ferrand's Bristol buffoonery. If winners are proverbially allowed to laugh, Mr. Roebuck had an ample justification for his jocularities. In the universal crash of principles and chaotic downfall of political reputations, Mr. Roebuck stands serene, and, as he says, secure. Success permits and even requires a superb and arrogant attitude; and Mr. Roebuck has never been wanting in a dignified and occasionally audacious apprehension and assertion of the *superbiam quæsitum meritis*. It seems that Tearem has been wide awake, even when he was thought to be snoozing in the sun or rolled up in his kennel. For these thirty years he has had his eyes open; and he saw through all the dodges of the whole lot of them—Whigs and Tories, Ins and Outs, Ministers and Oppositions, from first to last. It was all sham and mockery and make-believe. But there was the good old yard dog at his post, and knew it when nobody else did. He smelt out all the cadgers and mumpers prowling about the house,

the area-sneaks and tramps. There was, for instance, Lord Palmerston, with his "jaunty" air; he never meant any good. Gladstone, again; all that he could ever do was to make his enemies hate him more, and his friends love him less. Gladstone has power undoubtedly, but that power is to make his own party weak, and every other party strong. Earl Russell, again. "Oh, dear me! Earl Russell!" And then Mr. Roebuck laughed inwardly with a divine and noble laughter, and just winked his eye, and the Sheffield audience tittered prodigiously. When Mr. Roebuck in this nobly insolent way was knocking all the celebrities down like so many nine-pins, it was only right and natural that a little egotism—just a trifle of vanity, the slightest self-glorification—should peep out. I made a resolution; I saw it was certain; I determined to do so and so. I stated so and so; I assured everybody that they were all wrong, and I told them so. And, mark me, my words came true. I was hissed and hooted and yelled at—yes, yelled at—because I said so. Oh, how I was lectured! Just to think of lecturing me, just as if I did not know my duty! I, having thought out everything, decided everything, foreseen everything, and arranged everything! I to be lectured, just as if I were a child—to be taught by a newspaper. Why, the attempt was actually made. Yes, gentlemen, it really was, I assure you, thought by somebody in the newspapers that even I could be taught. And—would you believe it?—time went on, and they actually called upon me to resign my seat for Sheffield. Me to resign! I treated them with the contempt they deserved. I—such a noble old hound as I—to be scolded and snarled and snubbed at by these curs. Well, Gentlemen, I just lifted up. . . . But we cannot paraphrase Mr. Roebuck's speech any further. He certainly has done that which such a fine old dog ought to do. Mr. Roebuck is what that old impostor Cobbett claimed to be—the very impersonation of common sense, with an unbounded contempt for fools, and a tolerably clear conviction that all men are fools. He does not care much about the past, except so far as he has profited by it, and certainly in policy and prescience and consistency he can say that of himself, and with truth, though not quite without swagger and brag, which few other politicians can say. As to the future, he is sufficiently hopeful. The English people which has won Reform from the hypocrisy of one side of the House and the terrors of the other may well be trusted to take care of itself. As to paltry places like France and Prussia and Russia and America, as Mrs. Gamp observes, there may be Prooshians and there may be Rooshians, but Old England for me. They are all poor, and can't afford to fight. We can get on very well if we only knew our own strength. About Ireland, for example; you can't make character, or alter an island or a climate or a soil; and as to the grievances of Ireland, I really believe they are all stuff and nonsense and humbug. Everybody talks stuff and nonsense. Parliament talks nonsense; Congress talks nonsense. In America the Democrats talk nonsense, and the Republicans talk nonsense. It's wonderful talk that I hear on all sides, and wonderful nonsense too. Nonsense about Ireland; nonsense about religious disabilities; nonsense about tenant right; nonsense about everything. What I say is this, "Let every one do his duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him, and not turn round and talk nonsense about Erin-go-Bragh and Brian Burroo." This, at any rate, is not talking nonsense, and we are grateful to Mr. Roebuck for his insolent—we use the word in its etymological meaning—his insolent good sense.

## REVIEWS.

### DR. NEWMAN'S POEMS.\*

DR. NEWMAN tells us in the prefatory dedication to this little volume that he has only been encouraged by the favourable judgment of critics personally strangers to him to bring together into one collection what he had regarded as the ephemeral effusions of many years, and that he submits them with diffidence to the verdict of public opinion. He adds, what will be obvious even to those not previously acquainted with the poems reprinted here, that the chief portion of this volume grew out of the religious movement with which his name is so intimately associated. The numerous admirers of the *Lyra Apostolica*—which has long, we believe, been out of print, but which was to the Tractarian movement what the songs of Tyrtæus were to the Spartan armies—will of course rejoice to have their old favourites restored to them in a very slightly altered dress; for a good half of the *Lyra* came from Dr. Newman's pen. But it is not for their sakes only that the present volume is published, nor will they alone welcome it. Many who once looked with distrust or positive aversion on the author's writings will now feel a genuine interest in whatever helps to illustrate his character and tone of thought. Englishmen who have least sympathy with his theological beliefs have come to recognise in him a man of whom England may well be proud; and English Churchmen of very opposite schools are not slow to acknowledge the great services he rendered to the communion which he has felt it his duty to desert. For all such this collection of occasional verses will have a value quite apart from its poetical merits,

\* *Verses on Various Occasions*. By Dr. Newman. London: Burns, Oates, & Co. 1868.



which are considerable. A man's individuality cannot fail to come out much more in compositions of this kind than in formal treatises, or even in sermons, though the *Parochial Sermons*, now understood to be in course of republication with the author's sanction, are exceptional in this as in other respects. There is no previous work of Dr. Newman's, except the *Apologia*, so rich in personal indications, and for this reason we are particularly glad that dates of place and time are appended to the separate pieces. This enables us to trace the continuous working of the author's mind, which suffered no violent break at his conversion. The very title-page and dedication, as well as several of the poems, bear witness to one speciality of Dr. Newman's, which is certainly not usual in religious leaders and controversialists—we mean the genuine taste for classical scholarship which he has retained through life, and which formerly won him the reputation of the first writer of Latin prose in Oxford. Not less marked is his habitual familiarity with Old Testament imagery, and especially with the language and moral temper of the Hebrew prophets. The dominant feeling which he tells us in the *Apologia* has possessed him from boyhood, of being "*solus cum Solo*"—that to him the only two realities are his own soul and God—is again most remarkably illustrated in several of these pieces, and, above all, in the "*Dream of Gerontius*."

The volume naturally divides itself into three portions. The first part consists of various short compositions, chiefly reprints from the *Lyra Apostolica*, with a few later additions. Then follows a series of translations from the hymns of the Breviary, most of which have also appeared before. And lastly, we have what is the longest and apparently the latest poem in the book, the "*Dream of Gerontius*." This was first published two years ago in a Roman Catholic periodical, and has since been republished by itself. It is, as a composition, far the most striking in the volume. We shall return to it by and by. It is difficult to state in precise terms the leading characteristics of Dr. Newman's poetry, for they are in fact the characteristics of his mind, which, to adopt his own epithet for St. Paul, is "many-gifted" and many-sided. Indeed, there has often seemed to us a certain analogy between his character and that of the great apostle, so far as it can be gathered from his Epistles, and it is noteworthy that two of the most intensely personal and suggestive of Dr. Newman's later sermons are on the character of St. Paul. His verses require to be read by the light of his other publications, especially his sermons. In point of style, a forcible concentration of thought, and a nice selection of language, avoiding carefully any mere waste of words, will be seen at once to be the common attributes of both. And, going deeper, it is not perhaps too much to say that a profound and habitual consciousness of the presence of an unseen world, blending with and colouring all the relations and circumstances of life, underlies the whole tone and structure of his poetry, and gives it, for religious minds, its peculiar charm. This is brought out most prominently in the "*Dream of Gerontius*," but is true of the volume as a whole. At the same time this abiding conviction of the unseen is combined with a very keen observation of passing events, and an appreciative interest, not affected but real, in the literature and facts of his own and former ages.

Of the earlier pieces in this volume, some, like "Lead kindly Light," and "Weep not for me," have long made themselves household words in many homes and many hearts from their exquisite touches of human tenderness. There are others that bring out the ascetic and unworldly side of the writer's mind. The following lines, familiar to all readers of the *Lyra Apostolica*, may be taken as a fair specimen of this vein of almost prophetic sternness. Here, as elsewhere, the vigorous abruptness of the language serves to accentuate the idea conveyed:—

When mirth is full and free,  
Some sudden gloom shall be;  
When haughty power mounts high,  
The Watcher's axe is high.  
All growth has bound; when greatest found,  
It hastes to die.  
When the rich town, that long  
Has lain its huts among,  
Upstairs its pageants vast,  
And vaults—it shall not last!  
Bright tints that shine, are but a sign  
Of summer past.  
And when thine eye surveys,  
With fond adoring gaze,  
And yearning heart, thy friend—  
Love to its grave doth tend.  
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow  
Towards an end.

In some, happily very few, cases, alterations have been introduced, sometimes in consequence of the author's change of opinion, and these are seldom, in a poetical sense, improvements. Some also of the best in the *Lyra* are omitted, we know not why. One of our old favourites, which began with a caution against invocation of saints, reappears, under the title of "*Refrigerium*," with three new lines in the first stanza, and two of the old ones spoilt. This is not the place to say anything against its theology, but for the sake of form and metre we could certainly wish to see the verse re-written, with the ugly word "*convalescent*," disagreeably suggestive of a hospital, expunged, and the concluding lines of the original replaced. The omission of "*mountain grotts*," and the unaccountable change of "*murmurs*" by "*hurries*," completely destroy the dreamy repose of the image suggested, as well as the music of the rhythm. On the whole, however, it is remarkable how very little has been altered, and also how little

difference of tone there is between the earlier and later compositions. Even in dealing with subjects connected with specifically Roman doctrine, as in the hymns to St. Philip and to the Guardian Angel, or the really noble "*Song for an inclement May*," the difference between Dr. Newman's treatment and Faber's, for instance, of similar themes, cannot fail to strike any intelligent reader.

We have no space to dwell on the translations further than to observe—and this is very high praise—that they deal with the metrical portions as the compilers of the English Liturgy have dealt with the prose portions of the old Latin service books, and as modern Roman Catholic manuals certainly do not deal with them. We get, not a slavish rendering of the exact words, but an idiomatic and musical reproduction of the exact sense of the original, according to the rule of translating which Dr. Newman laid down for himself in the preface to the *Church of the Fathers*, and which is the only true one. It is unfortunate for the readers of the Douay Bible that he was not allowed to provide them with a substitute for that strange medley of bad English and high polite in the style of the version of Psalm 90 and of the Prayer of Commendation—one of the grandest compositions in the Roman—or any other ritual—given in the concluding poem of this volume. To that poem we must now turn.

The "*Dream of Gerontius*" is very much the longest and most carefully elaborated of all Dr. Newman's verse compositions, and exhibits with peculiar distinctness all his characteristic peculiarities of thought and expression. For rhythmical sweetness, too, he has hardly written anything to equal the last farewell of the Guardian Angel to the parted spirit "sinking deep, deeper into the dim distance" of its middle home, which falls on the ear like a strain of Mendelssohn's music. In form the poem is dramatic. Gerontius is first represented at the point of death, with his attendants watching round his bed, and then, after death, with angels and demons disputing the possession of his disembodied soul. There is something which reminds us of that "tender grace" which has endeared the *Christian Year* to thousands of aching hearts, something too of the wilder music of Shelley, though set to different themes; and much which recalls—as well by contrast as by similarity—our great representative poet, whose popularity is mainly due to the fact of his reflecting with such luminous fidelity the various phases of emotion and conviction which go to make up what is called the spirit of the age. It is not too much to say that the author of Gerontius is like and unlike them all, most like and most unlike Tennyson. He has the tenderness of Keble, but with more both of sternness and of fire; he has the idealism of Shelley, without his scepticism; he delights with Tennyson to feel the pulses, so to say, of modern thought, and that too with a keen sense of sympathy; but then there is a strongly marked background of dogmatic belief which is never lost sight of. The theology and psychology of the poem—we use the term theology in its strict etymological sense—are throughout subservient to its leading ideas of the infinite greatness of the Creator, and the infinite littleness of the creature which has dared to rebel against its Maker. We are constantly reminded of two of the most characteristic passages in the author's prose writings—one in his University Lectures, where he draws out into a kind of Athanasian creed of natural religion all that is involved in a Theist's conception of the Supreme Being; the other in the *Apologia*, where he compares the actual state of humanity, as contrasted with the ideal, to the effect produced on a person looking into a mirror and seeing no reflection of his face. The fall of man and the earlier stages of his restoration are grandly summed up in the lines ascribed to the "Second Choir of Angelicals":—

Praise to the Holiest in the height, And in the depth be praise: In all His words most wonderful; Most sure in all His ways!	From youth to old, from sire to son, He lived, and toil'd, and died. He dreed his penance age by age; And step by step began Slowly to doff his savage garb, And be again a man.
Woe to thee, man! for he was found A recreant in the fight; And lost his heritage of heaven, And fellowship with light.	And quicken'd by the Almighty's breath And chasten'd by His rod, And taught by angel-visitations, At length he sought his God;
Above him now the angry sky, Around the tempest's din; Who once had Angels for his friends, Had but the brutes for kin.	And learn'd to call upon His Name, And in His faith create A household and a father-land, A city and a state.
O man! a savage kindred they; To flee that monster brood He scaled the seaside cave and clomb The giants of the wood.	Glory to Him who from the mire, In patient length of days, Elaborated into life A people to His praise!
With now a fear, and now a hope, With aids which chance supplied,	

Few living writers could match the subtle self-analysis of the dying man's elaborate description of

That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,  
That masterful negation and collapse  
Of all that makes me man,

as though he was "falling through the solid framework of created things"; or of the soul after death, when, conscious of "an inexpressive lightness" and feeling of freedom, and yet retaining "a sort of confidence" that "each particular organ holds its place," it cannot decide whether it is alive or dead:—

So much I know, not knowing how I know,  
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,  
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.  
Or I or it is rushing on the wings

Of light or lightning on an onward course,  
And we e'en now are million miles apart.  
Yet . . . is this peremptory severance  
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,  
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?  
Or am I traversing infinity  
By endless subdivision, hurrying back  
From finite towards infinitesimal,  
Thus dying out of the expanded world?  
Another marvel: some one has me fast  
Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp  
Such as they use on earth, but all around  
Over the surface of my subtle being,  
As though I were a sphere, and capable  
To be accosted thus, a uniform  
And gentle pressure tells me I am not  
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.  
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth  
I cannot of that music rightly say  
*Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.*  
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

Not less striking is the passage, to which we must be content only to refer our readers, where the angel answers the inquiry of Gerontius as to what keeps him back from the presence of God, by distinguishing the "different standards" for measuring the flow of time in the material and immaterial worlds, so that the interval since dissolution which seemed so long to the disembodied soul was not as men reckon time, "the million million millionth" part of a moment, time being measured among spirits only by "intensity of living thought":—

Every one  
Is standard of his own chronology.  
It is thy very energy of thought  
That keeps thee from thy God.

To many readers, probably, both Catholic and Protestant, the interest of the poem will centre in the view of Purgatory as it presents itself to the writer's mind, which may be said to be its main subject. Those who are accustomed to identify the doctrine with the gross conceptions which Protestants usually associate with it, and which seem to be countenanced by a good deal of the language of popular devotion among Roman Catholics, will be startled at the profoundly spiritual and subjective form of the belief as it is here put before them. In the following passage, which bears the most directly on it of any in the poem, there is little or nothing that some of the ablest and devoutest of Protestant thinkers have not themselves surmised, or at least been willing to admit:—

ANGEL.

Praise to His name!

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,  
And, with the intemperate energy of love,  
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;  
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,  
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes  
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,  
And scorched, and shrivell'd it; and now it lies  
Passive and still before the awful Throne.  
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,  
*Consum'd, yet quicken'd, by the glance of God.*

SOUL.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
There let me be,  
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,  
Told out for me.  
There motionless and happy in my pain,  
Lone, not forlorn,—  
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,  
Until the morn.  
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,  
Which ne'er can cease  
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess'd  
Of its Sole Peace.  
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—  
Take me away,  
That sooner I may rise, and go above,  
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

We have only been able to indicate by a few extracts the general features of this remarkable poem, which seems to prove, whatever else it may show also, how much room there is within the dogmatic unity of Rome for the widest divergences in the subjective apprehension of belief. It has been said of Dr. Newman, both by assailants and by friends, that his temper of mind is essentially Protestant. In the sense in which some of his critics seem to understand the word, there is much in the "Dream of Gerontius" to support their verdict.

#### MR. MAX MÜLLER'S ESSAYS.\*

(Second Notice.)

PROFESSOR MÜLLER'S second volume consists, according to its title-page, of *Essays on Mythology, Traditions, and Customs*. A third and a fourth volume are promised, devoted respectively to *Essays on Literature and Essays on the Science of Languages*. We cannot help again speaking of the inconvenient repetition involved in this system. The present volume opens with what is really an essay, and a most important essay, on the Science of Language, one from which we suspect that many people drew their first clear notions of the relations of the Aryan languages to one another. This is no other than the well-known Essay on Comparative Mythology in the Oxford Essays. That paper un-

doubtedly marked a stage in the development of English knowledge on these subjects. To many readers it was like a new revelation. But we suspect that many people read it with a complete misapprehension of Professor Müller's real position with regard to these studies. It seems necessary to explain to some English readers that Professor Müller has never claimed to be the original author either of Comparative Mythology or of Comparative Philology. It has fallen to his lot to be the instrument of introducing those subjects to a much wider circle in England than had ever received them before, and to have set them forth to his English disciples by a method singularly clear and attractive. But people must not be allowed to fancy either that Professor Müller invented Grimm's Law, or that he was the first to find out that Dyaus and Zeus were the same thing. As for Comparative Philology, we presume that we are not wrong in saying that its inventor was Sir William Jones. He founded the science of Language in the same sort of sense in which Simon of Montfort founded the present English Constitution. Each left a great deal to be done by those who came after him, much more in actual amount than what he did himself. But each took the one decisive step upon which everything else turned. Sir William Jones distinctly saw the connexion between Greek and Sanscrit; he saw, less distinctly, the connexion between both of them and Teutonic. When a man once saw this, the battle was really won, just as the political battle was really won as soon as the House of Commons became an assembly of knights, citizens, and burgesses. In both cases there was a vast deal still to be done, but it was all in the way of developing and improving what was done already. We might even carry the analogy further. As Earl Simon's great institution sank for awhile into abeyance, so some of Jones' immediate successors did not see so far as Jones himself had done. Jones, for instance, put forward, though somewhat hesitatingly, the connexion of the Celtic languages with Sanscrit, Greek, and the rest. That this truth failed for a long time of being thoroughly understood is shown by the long-continued use of the inadequate name Indo-Germanic. Jones again quite understood that Greek was not "derived from" Sanscrit, as many people since him have fancied. His words were that "no philologist could examine all three [Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin] without believing them to have sprung from some common source, which perhaps no longer exists." These words contain the marrow and life of the whole thing. Since then we have had Rask, Bopp, and a crowd of other scholars, each of whom has had his share in the work. And now the germ which, originally planted by an English scholar, has grown to maturity in Germany, is brought back in its finished form to its original country by a scholar German by birth, but thoroughly English by adoption.

We imagine that we are justified, both by internal evidence and by a reference made by Professor Müller himself, in attributing to his pen the article on Comparative Philology which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1851. That article will therefore doubtless appear in the volume of *Essays on the Science of Language*. But is it desirable to go so often over the same ground? There is a great difference in the way in which the subject of Comparative Philology is treated in the *Edinburgh* article, and in that part of the Oxford Essay which is devoted to it. But the matter is essentially the same in the two. And the same matter, in shorter forms, comes over and over again in several of the smaller essays in this volume. We can fully understand that Professor Müller finds it expedient to put forth the great Aryan doctrine over and over again as he addresses different audiences or different sets of readers. But we really need not read summaries of it over and over again in the same collection of Essays. Again, in this volume Professor Müller has several essays devoted to the "folk-lore" of divers remote countries. About folk-lore he has a theory, a very ingenious and probable theory, which he very tersely expresses by calling it the "modern *patois*" of mythical language. Very likely, in reviewing several books of folk-lore at different times and places, it was useful to bring in the same illustrations each time. But we get tired of it when we come to it three or four times in a set of essays bound in one volume. Take again the last essay in the collection, that on Caste. It is of course a most important point to show that Caste, as at present understood, rests upon no authority of the Veda—that the institution, in short, is no part of the genuine Indian religion. This Professor Müller most effectually does. But the Veda is Professor Müller's hobby. Having thus occasion to quote the Veda for one particular point, he cannot resist the temptation of talking about the Veda in general. He therefore goes on to tell us a great deal about the Veda, and to give us several extracts from the Veda, some of which we have already had in other essays, and most of which have nothing directly to do with the question of Caste. All these things in no way detract from the intrinsic value of Professor Müller's matter. They detract very slightly from the fitness of his detached essays, as detached essays, to be read by different readers, or by the same readers after long intervals. But we must confess that it does lead to weariness when we find what we are tempted to call these vain repetitions in a book which we naturally read straight through, and that with some eagerness. Just as with the former volume, we cannot help regretting that Professor Müller has reprinted his fugitive pieces as he wrote them, instead of throwing their matter into a few systematic essays or chapters of greater length.

And now as to the matter of the essays in the second volume. Comparative Philology and Comparative Mythology stand just now in two quite different positions. With regard to Comparative Philo-

\* *Chips from a German Workshop*. By Max Müller, M.A. Vol II. *Essays on Mythology, Traditions, and Customs*. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.



logy the battle is won. There may be differences of opinion as to this or that point of etymology. Scholars may doubt whether *church* is or is not derived from *kyriakon*. They may doubt whether English *cynning* is or is not Sanscrit *Ganaka*. There may even be differences of opinion as to the exact position of this or that whole language of the obscurer sort. But of the great general doctrine no reasonable or well-informed person has any doubt at all. We no longer think it necessary to argue with a man who denies that Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Teutonic, Lithuanian, Slavonic, and Celtic are all kindred languages sprung from one common original. Even schoolmasters are beginning to think whether it may not be just as useful to teach a boy what the Latin language is as to set him to spend hours in making imitation Latin verses. The doctrine on these points for which Professor Müller has been so long contending is now universally accepted among Englishmen who are capable of thinking upon the subject. And it is not too much to say that this universal acceptance among Englishmen is mainly Professor Müller's own work. Professor Müller no more discovered Comparative Philology than Saint Augustine discovered Christianity. But as Augustine was the great missionary of Christianity to Englishmen, so Professor Müller has been to them the great missionary of Comparative Philology. It is through him that many people have heard of the subject for the first time. It is through him that many people who knew something of it already have had their ideas put into shape and order, and have been enabled to follow up their studies with increased interest and in a more intelligent way. He has preached on the house-tops a doctrine which before him was shut up in the closets of a few professed scholars. This is a very great work, one of which Professor Müller may well be proud, and for which all intelligent Englishmen are bound to hold him in honour. When a man to whom we owe so much, and whom we have thus far followed with full confidence, offers to open us yet a fresh world, to lead us into a new region to which that through which he has hitherto guided us is but the vestibule, we listen with respect, and with more than respect, with a strong presumption in favour of what he tells us; still we do not altogether throw aside the use of our own judgments. On the subject of Comparative Mythology the teaching of Professor Müller and his school, those who have gone before him in Germany and those who have followed him in England, is new and startling. We see at once that it is ingenious and fascinating, and that it evidently contains a large measure of truth. On the first blush of the matter, we accept a great deal and we perhaps positively reject very little. But there remains a vast mass between these two extremes on which we simply wish to suspend our judgment. We see that the science is new and tentative; we see that there is a great deal in it, but we are not prepared to accept everything at once. We at once admit the general principle, but we have a suspicion that its doctors are running too fast ahead in detail. Their method clearly explains a great deal; but we are not yet prepared to commit ourselves to its explaining everything.

There is one wide difference between the position of Comparative Philology and that of Comparative Mythology. In the one case the phenomena of language are made to explain themselves; in the other case they are made to explain something quite different. Comparative Philology reveals to us an amount of analogy between certain languages which cannot be accidental. It reveals to us certain immutable laws for transmuting the words of one language into those of another, which can just as little be accidental. And, more than this, it leads us on to certain inferences beyond the immediate range of language. The analogy of language shows that there was a time when all the Aryan nations were one; the particular words which the kindred languages have in common, and those which they have not in common, tell us a great deal as to the degree of civilization which had been attained by the Aryans before their dispersion. To take the most familiar instance of all, the existence in the whole group of words cognate with our old word to *ear* the ground shows that the plough was known while Indians, Greeks, and Teutons were still one people. From analogies like these we naturally go on to the political institutions and the religious belief of the kindred nations. The primeval polity of the Greeks and the Teutons is so strikingly alike that it is impossible to doubt that it is an original Aryan possession. But here we get a caution. Though things are alike, words commonly are not. *ῥήτωρ*, senator, *caldorman*, pretty well translate one another, but they are not philologically connected. *Regnum* and *rice* are doubtless the same, but *βασιλεύς*, *rex*, *cynning*, certainly are not. So when we get to religion, we must expect to find a certain stock of ideas common to the whole family, but we must also expect each nation to develop the details of its pantheon and its mythology for itself. This of course Professor Müller fully admits. He is not one of those who are led away by accidental likenesses between stories in later Greek and later Indian mythology. He always insists that we must trace everything to the fountain-head. But he surely makes language a more universal interpreter than we can, all at once, admit it to have been.

We follow him when he teaches us that Zeus is really *Dyaus*, the Sky, because the explanation is supported by the analogy of language and also by clear indications in Greek writers that Zeus originally was the sky. So *Oureanos* is doubtless *Varuna*. No sound Greek explanation of either word can be given. So no doubt Apollo, whatever the origin of his name, is originally the Sun, and his attributes and epithets are capable of obvious solar explanations. In such cases as these we do not doubt that the

process described by Professor Müller has really taken place. Sayings which were originally said of the physical Sky and the physical Sun have gradually grown into myths about a personal Zeus and a personal Apollo. But when some myths were formed in this way, surely other myths would spring up after their external likeness, which had not the same sort of origin. When, for instance, the sort of sayings of which Professor Müller speaks had once grown into love stories about the Gods, other love stories about the Gods would naturally be invented. Professor Müller fully admits this. He allows, for instance, that Kronos is a strictly Greek conception with a Greek name; he does not seek for any primitive Aryan explanation of the legend. So he allows that the story of the loves of Apollo and Kyréné is simply a mythical way of setting forth the foundation of the city of Kyréné. But if Kronos be purely Greek, why should not Erös be purely Greek also? Why should Professor Müller go after so strained a derivation as from *arvat*, which means a horse? Why should the Charites be *haritas*, also horses? Surely Erös and the Charites are simply Greek personifications with Greek names, just like Phobos, Eris, and the Litai. If the Greek Erös is *Arvat*, what is the Latin *Cupido*? Surely the same obvious and natural personification took place both in Italy and in Greece, and the personified quality in each country received the obvious vernacular name. Why again should the story of Apollo and Daphné be a primeval myth about the sun and the dawn? Prior to the proposed Sanscrit interpretation, any one would have set it down as a very late story, known to no early writer, and invented only when the original conception of Apollo was quite forgotten. Here indeed is one great difficulty of the new system. Wild indeed as are most of Mr. Gladstone's mythological views, he has let fall one or two sayings on mythological matters which are worthy of the wiser parts of his book. He puts it as an objection to Professor Müller's working out of the Comparative system that so many of the myths which Professor Müller picks out for primeval Aryan explanations are precisely those which, anterior to the preaching of the new doctrine, we should have set down as very late legends, corruptions of the true faith of Homer, just as Professor Müller tells us that the later Indian mythology is a corruption of the true faith of the Veda. Here is a difficulty, perhaps not an insuperable one, but surely a real difficulty which cannot be simply pooh-poohed. And, tasteless and Philistine as may be the confession, we must confess that we get both weary and incredulous when we are told that everybody is the sun or the dawn. Apollo doubtless is the sun, but why should Héraklēs, Odysseus, Achilles, Alexander, Œdipus, everybody, be the sun also? Nothing can be more beautiful and ingenious than the way in which this theory is worked out, in some cases by Professor Müller, in others by Mr. Cox, but we must confess that it does not always bring conviction. We do not see either that anterior probability or that positive evidence which we see in the case of Apollo.

We trust Professor Müller will not set us down as hardened unbelievers. We do not dogmatically deny; we only ask to suspend our judgment. We have no doubt that he is right to a great extent; very likely time will show that he is right altogether. But we cannot think that such a time has come yet. Very likely our grandsons will believe that Daphné is the Dawn as unhesitatingly as we believe that *ῥήτωρ* and *cyn* are the same. But such rapid growth in faith can hardly be expected of the present generation. We simply ask to be allowed for a while to fold our hands and look on.

On one point there can be no difference of opinion—namely, as to the wonderful mastery which Professor Müller, a foreigner, has gained over the English language. We do not think that any one, reading a page of one of these essays, would for a moment attribute them to any one but a native Englishman. And what is more, Professor Müller is really one of the best English writers of the day. He employs our language, not only with ease and vigour, but with conspicuous purity and good taste. He rises altogether above the fashionable vulgarisms of the day. In reading very carefully through these essays, we mark only two expressions which depart at all seriously from our perhaps rather fastidious standard. In one place Professor Müller talks of a thing happening "soon before" something else, which is not an English idiom; in another place he talks of something "commencing to grow," which, if English, is the English of a penny-a-liner. Professor Müller has written in the *Times*. Happy the man who has touched pitch, and has got so little defilement as this. We welcome every work of Professor Müller's as a real addition to English literature, in point of style no less than in point of matter. We only wish that he would throw matter which we value so highly into a somewhat different form.

#### BENTINCK'S TUTOR.\*

AT an early page of this novel occurs the following scene:—A hardhearted uncle is seated at breakfast with an engaging niece of tender years. A still more hardhearted aunt of the same young lady is understood to be somewhere about the premises. The postman brings a letter sealed with black. The gentleman opens it and reads an account of an accident which has occurred to a nephew—not the young lady's brother—at Rio. "Dear Sir," it begins, "it is with the utmost grief that we have to announce

\* *Bentinck's Tutor*. By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

to you the death by drowning of your nephew," and it proceeds to relate how the lad was on a pleasure-cruise, when he was accidentally jerked out of the boat and disappeared. His comrades did all they could to find him, but the body was never recovered. The niece, of course, is terribly upset by this news; the uncle is rather touched, and the hardhearted aunt finds it difficult to conceal her keen enjoyment of the catastrophe.

To the experienced novel-reader we have sufficiently indicated the whole plot of the novel. Minor details may, of course, be filled in according to taste, but the general outline of the story is palpable. In the first place, the life of the interesting nephew is perfectly safe. If there were an office for insuring the lives of fictitious characters, it would hardly have the face to demand the most trifling premium for Mr. Charles Woodford. We feel that he may go henceforward through any amount of dangers. He may join the most desperate enterprises, be upset in the midst of the Atlantic, or encounter pestilence or fire or poison, without exciting a moment's uneasiness in our minds. There is indeed one period at which, as astrologers generally prophesy, he will encounter a great peril. Somewhere towards the last page of the final volume the author will hesitate what turn to give to his novel—whether to rouse his reader's sympathies by offering up his hero as a sacrifice, or to finish in the orthodox fashion by the usual triumph of virtue. Novelists should really take a little more pains in killing their characters. We are too much at home with the old set of tricks. We detect at a glance the unreal character of the transaction; the net is spread in vain in our sight. We would specially point out that murders and fatal accidents are totally unsatisfactory unless the *corpus delicti* is produced. It has happened, even once or twice in real life, that a man has been hanged when his supposed victim was walking about safe and sound. In novels nothing short of producing the body, and satisfactorily burying it, is sufficient to allay our suspicions. There is a story of a Yankee who wished to put down an imitator of Munchausen. He described at great length how he had met three Indians, and detailed the stratagem by which he had killed two of them. At last, he said, the third came up to him. "Well," said the narrator of marvels, growing impatient, "and you killed him too?" "No," replied the Yankee, "he killed me." This sublime invention affords a useful hint to novelists. They can no longer startle us by anything short of a resurrection. They ought boldly to give us full proof of death, and then, by a worthy exercise of ingenuity, bring their victim to life again. Thus we hold that Mr. Woodford's body should have been found in an advanced stage of decay, and considerably damaged by sea-gulls. There would then have been some merit in restoring him to take a part in the narrative.

Assuming, however, that Mr. Woodford is in the enjoyment of full health and spirits, the leading motive of the story will be immediately obvious. Of course he has to marry the cousin who was affected to tears by his death. Also, he has to frustrate the knavish tricks of his wicked uncle and aunt. They set about their diabolical machinations with more energy than we could have anticipated. Their great motive is to supply an heir to the estate upon which Mr. Woodford is really destined to enter. Accordingly, the aunt orders a penniless painter to become her husband, and by that means provides a son as one candidate; whilst the uncle is reconciled to a deserted wife, who, failing to provide a legitimate heir, makes a very reprehensible arrangement for passing off the child of a neighbouring villager as her own son, thus deceiving both her husband and the world in general. We need not enter into the details of the method by which the supposititious heir is detected by the villainous aunt, and the villainous aunt disappointed of the results of her discovery by the sudden cropping up of the gentleman supposed to have been drowned at Rio. We will only remark upon the unnecessary cruelty displayed by the author to his creations. The detestable lout who is to oust the genuine heir from his estate is defeated by the discovery of his genuine parentage. Surely the punishment thus inflicted upon him is sufficient. Why should he be taken into a black-lead mine in pursuance of a disgraceful cheat, and there have several tons of earth precipitated upon his head by accident? It is making assurance doubly sure not merely to expose an impostor, but to crush him into a thousand atoms. He is, we fully admit, a brute, and deserves some chastisement for his crimes; as, indeed, all the bad characters are most unredeemable scoundrels. The only one who has really some virtuous proclivities expresses his genuine sentiments in the amiable phrase, "Damn the world and all things in it"—which, though indecorous and perhaps overstrained as a deliberate utterance of opinion, is so far good that it indicates the possession of a conscience turned sour. Like the old man in Mr. Tennyson's "Vision of Sin," his external bitterness is a proof that he once had some kind of good feelings. The other characters have not even grace enough to swear; they are wicked, and satisfied to be wicked. Still we remonstrate against crushing them in mines, not because the punishment is too severe, but because it is rather a waste of power. The author should have kept such a grand sensational incident for the climax of some of his future novels, and not used it up in an unimportant episode. He should use his sledge-hammer to crush the villain-in-chief, and not to effect a clearance of the vermin.

Taking the story at its own pretensions, we may admit that it is good reading of its kind. It scarcely professes to be a very profound exhibition of character, though several of the characters are meritorious as somewhat slight and hasty sketches.

Neither, as we have said, is there any particular novelty in the story; it is indeed a tune which must have been performed, with slight variations, many thousands of times since the practice of novel-writing first began. It is said that all Chinese novels have the same plot—a plan which must not only save much trouble to the authors, but which is in many respects calculated to improve their work. It would lead them, for example, to throw a little more pains into the painting of character and manners, and to avoid much childish labour in vainly trying to mystify their readers. Although the scheme has not yet been adopted in Europe, there are two or three ready-made plots, such as that before us, in which every writer may fill up the framework to his taste. The author of *Bentinck's Tutor* has, on the whole, performed this not very exalted task with considerable spirit. His villains are painted rather black, and his virtuous personages are a trifle insipid; but that is all but inevitable. They play their appointed and well-understood parts with as much freshness as though, instead of being the ten-thousandth, this was (say) only the hundredth time of representation; and the author has them thoroughly in command, brings them forward when they are required, and keeps each in due subordination to his neighbour with a skill which implies a good deal of previous experience. It is evidently not the first time that he has driven a team of fictitious persons, from the opening scene to the catastrophe, with a firm grasp of the reins. *Bentinck's Tutor* may therefore be safely recommended to such inexperienced readers as can really believe in the drowning of the hero at page 50 in vol. i., and to others who are not exacting in their demands for excitement.

The only other circumstance about the novel which demands some notice is the scenery. The action takes place in the Lakes, a district which has of late been rather neglected by novelists. Probably it is their opinion, and we must admit it to have some foundation, that the spirit of Lake-poetry has not been as yet sufficiently laid. There is a little too much of Wordsworth and Southey about the neighbourhood of Ambleside and Keswick. Every educated man is, of course, an admirer of Wordsworth; but if that admirable writer had a fault, it was a certain tendency to dulness. There are undoubtedly persons in existence who have fairly read through the *Excursion*, and are even capable of quoting it on occasion. The author of *Bentinck's Tutor* is, we make no doubt, one of these enterprising characters, and at times treats us to a bit of scenery treated in the appropriate spirit. It is, however, rather difficult to transmute the Wordsworthian essence into a novel of incident; and we find that the mode in which the scenery is adapted is not precisely in harmony with the teaching of the master. Thus, for example, a mountain-top, even in the Lakes, is generally considered to be a place for contemplating the sublime and beautiful. In *Bentinck's Tutor* it is put to more practical use. The villain takes up his post on a lofty ridge to roll big stones down upon the hero, and, as he tries to climb, pelts him with an assortment of pebbles of different sizes. This is a situation which sensation novelists would do well to note. The mountains have been left too much to the Alpine Club, and to men of science. It is time that they should be laid under contribution for other literary purposes. If so much may be made of a hill among the English lakes, what might be done with the Matterhorn? Conceive a contest in which the good and evil agents were settling their disputes on the brink of an Alpine precipice—the glacier waiting to receive the body of the victim, and no human being within sight or hearing! A lady pushing her lover into a well is a good telling incident; but it would open a far wider field for fine writing if she could trip him up on the brink of a crevasse. Another similar source of interest has been discovered in *Bentinck's Tutor*, of which more might be made. The noble sport of wrestling still survives in the Lake valleys. Consequently, although the writer shows no symptoms of the muscular Christian in his pages, he confers upon no less than five of his principal characters gigantic muscular powers. They meet each other promiscuously all about the wilder parts of the hills, and after due threatenings are instantly locked in deadly embraces. They get each other down by "swinging hypes" and "cross-buttocks," and other scientific feats, and then proceed, in the elegant language of one of the combatants, to squeeze each other's throats a bit. The wrestling phraseology gives a fine local colour to the more vulgar squabbles, which is pleasant after the run upon simple boxing patronized by the *Guy Livingstone* school; and moors, and fells, and groups of ancient yew-trees form an admirable background. Probably even wrestling would become tiresome after a time; but, whilst it still possesses a certain freshness, we recommend it as affording a new series of incidents to writers who have used up all the ordinary modes of battery and assault.

WILLIAM BLAKE.\*

WEARY of triumphs in the realms of poetry, Mr. Swinburne has stooped to gather fresh laurels on the flats of prose. The "Critical Essay" on William Blake is, we are bound to own, a complete success from its own point of view; we can remember no prose work of our own day so perfectly Swinburnian in its cynical effrontery. To reach such an end Mr. Swinburne has been content to reveal to the world, what other-

\* William Blake. A Critical Essay. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: John Camden Hotten. 1868.



wise the world might never have known, his frivolous incapacity as a critic either of poetry or of art; his inability to think consecutively for five minutes together; his powerlessness to express even his gleams of momentary intelligence in intelligible speech. Of the long reaches of glittering rant which supply the place of critical statement, of the bursts of pretentious bombast which pass for fine writing in this wonderful essay, we may perhaps be able to give our readers some faint notion ere we close. What we despair of conveying to their minds is its inexpressible tediousness. Whatever grudge Mr. Swinburne may have cherished against those unfortunate persons whose labours in expounding his merits to the public he rewards by the novel and highly ingenious title of "Philistines," he has contrived in this work to wreak a subtle revenge. Free as the rest of the world may be to toss them, after a moment's perusal, to the butter-shop, Mr. Swinburne must have felt a secret satisfaction, as he penned these three hundred pages, in the thought that his reviewers would at least be bound to read him. That any being should do so from inclination is simply incredible, and we are forced to own that the sternest sense of critical duty has failed to save us from occasional lapses into oblivion as we waded through this quagmire of words.

"Tous les grands poètes deviennent naturellement, fatalement, critiques," says Charles Baudelaire in the passage which its author has prefixed to this essay. Was it from some doubt of his claims to poetic greatness that Mr. Swinburne has determined to give this critical and indirect proof of them? The critic, like every other artist, has his own special qualifications and powers for the work he undertakes. He starts from some principles, right or wrong; he has some sort of acquaintance with the various modes of thought, poetic, artistic, philosophical, which have prevailed at various times; he has a sufficient command of literary knowledge to appreciate the relation of the work before him, or of the man whose work he is examining, to the men or works of their day; he has a certain measure of patience and self-distrust, a judicial temper, a cool and unbiassed sense of equity. Mr. Swinburne's critical qualifications can only be summed up in the description he has given of his hero. "He retained always an excellent arrogance, and a wholly laudable self-reliance, being incapable of weak-eyed doubt or any shuffling modesty." The words are absolutely ridiculous as applied to Blake, but they are eminently true of his biographer. Arrogance, dogmatism, and immodesty are the three strings of his critical bow. He is absolutely without any sense of justice, or any coolness of intellectual temper, or any literary or artistic or philosophical knowledge, or any consistent principles of critical appreciation. One principle, indeed, he does lay down—a principle upon which, in fact, his book is built; and that principle is a simple abhorrence of what "one might call, for the sake of a shorter and more summary name, the Great Moral Heresy":—

If to live well be really better than to write or paint well, and a noble action more valuable than the greatest poem or most perfect picture, let us have done at once with the meaner things that stand in the way of the highest. . . . The principle which makes the manner of doing a thing the essence of the thing done, the purpose or result of it the accident thus reversing the principle of moral or material duty, must inevitably expose art to the condemnation of the other party. . . . Art for art's sake first of all, and afterwards we may suppose all the rest shall be added to her (or if not, she need hardly be overmuch concerned); but from the man who falls to artistic work with a moral purpose shall be taken away even that which he has, whatever of capacity for doing well in either way he may have at starting. . . . Once and again the time has been that there was no art worth speaking of almost anywhere in the world; but there never has been nor can have been a time when art, or any kind of art worth having, took active service under Puritanism, or indulged for its part in the deleterious appetite of saving souls or helping humanity in general along the way of labour and progress.

With any ordinary writer we should, of course, never dream of weaving together fragments of statements such as these; but no other course is practicable with Mr. Swinburne. It is impossible to do more than pick what is sufficient to convey his meaning, such as it is, out of a dozen pages of windy verbiage about "Walhalla," "factories of the Titans," "moral cranks," and "divine treadmills." But we have extracted the passage merely by way of statement, and not by way of discussion. The answer to it, of course, lies in the fact that an artist is primarily a man; that his moral nature in its excellence or its depravity will, whether he likes it or not, tell upon his selection of subjects for his art, upon his appreciation and intelligence of the subjects he chooses. Were it even possible to dismiss all conscious moral purpose from art, art from its very origin would have an unconscious moral drift, so long as the artist is a man. But no doubt the author of this marvellous principle of criticism would reply that he could imagine a state of things where the artist was not so much a man as a Swinburne. At any rate it is upon this theory that Mr. Swinburne has based his book, and we must do him the justice to say that his practice is strictly in accordance with his principle. No book ever displayed a more sovereign contempt for "the great moral heresy" than this essay on Blake. It is not merely that its author goes out of his way to record in print what, in his usually happy style of expression, he calls "the weltering sewerage of Aphra Behn," in spite of the deliberate excision of the passage by Blake's previous biographers, but that hardly a page is free from some note of cynical contempt for things counted holy or pure among ordinary men. "The gift of song," for instance—a gift confined, he is careful to tell us, in their day to this Aphra Behn and François Villon ("the two most inexpressibly

non-respectable of male or female Bohemians")—has, it appears, "after all, borne better fruit for us than any gift of moral excellence." We are far from asserting that any gift of moral excellence has borne much fruit for Mr. Swinburne; but he will probably not be startled to find that passages such as these will hardly recommend his book for admission into decent or, as this author would say, Philistine families. Mr. Swinburne's humour again is wholly free from any morally heretical taint; like his hero's, it "is of that fierce, grave sort whose cool insanity of manner is more horrible and obscure to the Philistines than any sharp edge of burlesque or glitter of irony." Take, for instance, this graceful description of Wainwright—a name so well known to us as one of the group around Charles Lamb, but rendered infamous by the miserable greed which spurred him to murder of the most cowardly sort. Wainwright was,

until our own day called forth a better, the best English critic on art; himself, as far as we know, admirable alike as a painter, a writer, and a murderer. In each pursuit perhaps there was a certain want of solid worth and fervour, which at times impeded or impaired the working of an excellent faculty; but in each it is evident there was a noble sense of things fair and fit; a seaminess and shapeliness of execution, a sensitive relish of excellence, an exquisite aspiration after goodness of work which cannot be overpraised. With pen, with palette, or with poison, his hand was never a mere craftsman's. The visible vulgarities and deficiencies of his style went hardly deeper than the surface. Excess of colour and levity of handling have not unjustly been charged against him; he does not seem to have always used the material on hand, whether strychnine or mere ink, to the best purpose; his work has a certain crudity and violence of tone; his articles and his crimes are both too often wanting in the most delightful qualities of which finished art is capable, qualities which a more earnest man of lesser genius might have given them. What he has done, however, is excellent, and we need not inquire with a captious ingratitude whether another could have done better; that meaner men have done worse we know and lament. Too often the murderer is not an artist, and the converse defect is no doubt yet more unhappily frequent. On all accounts we may suppose that in days perhaps not remote, a philosophic posterity, mindful that the harvest of art has few labourers worthy of their hire, and well aware that what is exalted must be also exceptional, will inscribe with due honour upon the list of men who have deserved well of mankind the name of Wainwright.

It is something to watch the first application of the "great immoral orthodoxy" of art, and to be present at the reception within its sacred pale of the "Fine Art of Murder"; although "the strange collision with social laws which broke up his life and scattered his designs" has deprived us of this homicidal Raffaele. But if we turn from the assertion of this grand principle to more practical instances of Mr. Swinburne's critical powers, we find little save a fog of phrases:—

Not educated [we presume the description of his hero is again simply autobiographic] in any regular or rational way, and by nature of an eagerly susceptible and intensely adhesive mind, in which the lyrical faculty had gained and kept a predominance over all others visible in every scrap of his work, he had saturated his thoughts and kindled his senses with a passionate study of the forms of the Bible as translated into English, till his fancy caught a feverish contagion, and his ear derived a delicious excitement from the very sound and shape of the written words and verses.

There is, in fact, little but this delirious excitement even in matters where we should at once be ready to own Mr. Swinburne's right to speak with authority. A poet's judgment of a poet must always carry weight, and, from Dryden to Wordsworth, poets have been found to vindicate their rights, and to show by example the value of their criticism. But the elaborate verbiage of Mr. Swinburne is in no sense criticism at all. How does it help us to appreciate the Songs of Innocence to know that "every page has the smell of April," or that, if these "have the shape and smell of leaves and buds," the Songs of Experience "have in them the light and sound of fire and the sea"? This is just the sort of rapid twaddle which has hitherto passed current for criticism in music alone, where we ask for some explanation of the relation of Sterndale Bennett to Mendelssohn, and are told that the first is a fountain and the second is a star.

We may perhaps be pardoned if we spare our readers Mr. Swinburne's efforts at philosophy. The adherent of Pantheism, uneasy at the news that his dogma has been settled in a note, will be relieved by hearing that "God appears to a Theist as the root; to a Pantheist as the flower of things." This, of course, makes the whole question singularly intelligible. The fact is that the book, from beginning to end, is the effort of a very ignorant person to talk knowingly on a number of difficult subjects; and as far as Mr. Swinburne is concerned, we can just laugh at him and fling it by. The wrong done is done to Blake. Strange as his life was, stranger as was his talk, we are among those who are ready to bow down before one who was at once a great artist and a great poet. No life, lovingly and philosophically written, would speak with a deeper pathos to the lives of men, or throw a clearer light on that confused protest of almost frantic belief which, under atheistic and blasphemous forms, broke with Blake, as with Shelley, out of the faith that was "unfaith in all" of the eighteenth century. But we refuse, even in this passing notice, to couple the thought of that life, so grandly pure and lofty in tone and in daily endeavour, with a book so utterly worthless as this. It simply fills us with indignation that one who claims to be a poet should have dug up a poet out of his grave for the mere pleasure of indulging, under the covert of his name, in a "shy" at "Philistia" and morality.

## PIGEONS.\*

THE skill shown by Mr. Tegetmeier in so marshalling the facts and materials of his "Poultry-Book" as to combine amusement and light reading with philosophical inquiry is a sufficient guarantee that he will be neither uninteresting nor unfruitful on the kindred subject of "Pigeons." If his former topic was wide, this has the advantage of being limited and compact; and the same masterly judicial handling with which in the one, after quoting the opinions and experiences of past and present authorities, he sifted and summed them up, makes itself more distinctly felt when applied to the other, as to a topic of smaller compass. A sense of surefootedness possesses us as we accompany Mr. Tegetmeier through the present work, because it is evident that, like a practised builder, he has laid his foundation strong and firm before proceeding with his superstructure. Such foundation he finds in the "Columba Livia, or Blue Rock Pigeon," the undoubted original of all the manifold, multiform varieties of domesticated pigeons which from the remotest antiquity, in the most diverse regions of the globe, have been the toys and pets of mankind. The history of this wild original, in structure, food, and habits, and the evidence in support of its claim to be such, occupy the earlier chapters of this book on Pigeons. The author's grasp of his subject is convincing and suggestive; and it would be hard to lay down his volume without a feeling that no group of animated nature more wonderfully attests a divine artificer than that of which the Blue Rock Dove is the origin. The mechanism of the pigeon's wing, in its length and strength so powerful for support and propulsion, yet, without so closely packed when shut; the mode in which its forward flight is secured (on which point the very striking passage from the Duke of Argyll's *Reign of Law* is appropriately quoted) by the repetition of perpendicular blows upon the air; the nice economy in the very gradual change of flight-feathers in autumn, so that the efficiency of the wing in flight may not be interfered with; the use of the tail to support the hinder part of the body during flight, and not, as has been wrongly surmised, as "an aerial rudder"—these, with the singular curdy secretions wherewith the crops of both parents are provided for the nutriment of their young, at the same time remove the pigeon from the category of gallinaceous and passerine birds, and make it a special study, in which it is fortunate to find so competent a guide as Mr. Tegetmeier. From his third chapter may be gleaned divers arguments for tracing all varieties up to the Blue Rock Pigeon; e.g. its domesticability, a *sine quâ non* in the production of distinct and numerous varieties; its fondness for craggy seaside haunts, alike in the Hebrides and in India; the reproduction, among other marks, of the terminal dark bar, with white-edged outer feathers, of the Rock Pigeon's tail on occasional samples of all the domestic breeds; and the fertility of the hybrid offspring, which would be impossible in the case of two animals of clearly distinct origin; to which may be added incidental corroborations from other parts of the work, such as the fact of the domestic pigeon's innate craving for salt, curiously referable to the maritime life and habits of its remote ancestry.

But though the study of the wild original is pre-eminently instructive, the chief attraction for general readers will lie, probably, in the varieties sprung from it. Of these there are as many as one hundred and fifty—the Pouter, the Carrier, the Fantail, and the Tumbler representing the four extreme points of divergence. We are afraid to say how many of this large number our author has described. Enough have impressed themselves on our memory, from some peculiarity of description, to form a tolerably motley procession. The Antwerp Carrier we reserve for separate commemoration on the score of his athletic specialties. But we must glance, in passing, at the Pouter, so slim in body that fanciers used to say it would go through a wedding-ring, yet in the matter of his crop representing "an Atlas with a globe upon his shirt-front." In his wake comes the tiny "Brunnen," a pigmy pouter bearing the same relation to his big brother as the Sebright Bantam to the gallant game-cock, and a capital set-off at a pigeon levee to the burly Runt, which might be an ambassador from Brobdingnag, seeing that the Brunnen weighs eight ounces, the Runt two pounds and a half. Next follows the common Tumbler, a "feathered Goody Two-shoes" (according to the pleasant, if inaccurate, author of the *Dorecote and the Aviary*), with round head and red feet, and a capacity for tying knots and weaving whirlashes of itself in mid air—with its lovely, refined, and gaily-attired cousin, the Almond Tumbler; and its remoter kin, the Lowtans of Hindustan, which, from the derivation "*Lowta*," to roll, and their property of rolling over and over *ad infinitum*, if not prevented, should belong rather to the "roller" than the "Tumbler" variety. Air-tumblers are quoted that have been known to tumble forty-seven times in forty-five seconds, but it is as well perhaps that these results of undue irritability of brain are not more pleasant to beholders than they are likely to be good for the performers. Another variety might have figured in our procession a hundred years ago, though, from Mr. Tegetmeier's eagerness to catch a sight of it, it seems likely that it has died out—the pigeon which Moore, the author of the *Columbarium* (1735), designates as the "*Mahomet*" or *Mawmet*—a kinsman, it would appear, of the Barb, and, like it, of Eastern antecedents. This *Mawmet* was curious as having, like the "*Silky Fowl*,"

which also came from Asia, a white and silky plumage over a black skin, wattles, and underdown. The Malay among poultry finds a counterpart amongst pigeons in the long-legged Bagadai or Scanderoon (p. 182). The game-fowl has his match for symmetry and hardness of feather in the Blue Dragon (82). There is a little knot of pigeons of fancied ecclesiastical semblance—the friar-like Jacobine, with hood and chain; the Nun, with nice-turned white crown at the back of the head, and a dark throat which is as a sombre veil in contrast to the whiteness of the hood; and the Priests of divers colours which figure among the "German Toy" pigeons. More curious, even if more familiar to the eye, are the Fantails, a variety from Hindustan, where it may well have been held in honour for its peacock-like peculiarities. Every one knows that it unites the graceful bend of a swan's neck with the power of spreading its tail, like that of a turkey-cock; but only the initiated would credit it with its abnormal number of from twenty-eight to forty or forty-two tail-feathers, whereas all other varieties of the pigeon are content with twelve. The Fantail is elegant to look upon, sideways or face to face; but we are not quite so certain about the elegance of that which is pictured in p. 154 as his "back view," and we should have been glad of a word of confirmation from Mr. Tegetmeier of Temminck's statement that "when they raise their tail they bring it forward; as they at the same time draw back the head, it touches the tail; and when the bird wishes to look behind itself, it passes its head between the interval of the two planes which compose the tail." One other pigeon curious for its plumage, which is glossy and resplendent, and for its strange misnomer, is that called the "Archangel." The Germans say it is from Illyria; it is certainly unknown at Archangel. Mr. Betty's account, quoted in p. 168, describes a most gorgeous feathered biped, with a faultless "toupée" and "scarlet morocco boots"; but he is silent as to the origin of the name. Perhaps, as an archangel traditionally represents a very gorgeous angel, and as Byron in his *Vision of Judgment* makes Michael turn all colours, it may have been to some such association of ideas that it owed its puzzling sobriquet.

The most interesting chapter in that part of the volume which treats of the varieties of fancy pigeons is that devoted to the "Homing Birds," i.e. "the Voyageurs," "Antwerps," "Smerles," &c., which realize the popular and original idea of what a carrier ought to be; whereas the English Carrier does not go on messages, and is not a racing bird. The English Carrier has a flat, long, straight narrow skull, and is chiefly remarkable for its cauliflower beak-wattle and its graceful carriage. The homing birds have an arched head, a large skull, and plenty of brain, for which indeed they have as much occasion as for their firm, broad flight-wings, their muscular aptitude for flight, and the speed and endurance which befriend them in the stiffest gales. These qualities cause colour to be disregarded in their case, as a standard of excellence, though white birds are in disfavour as being a mark for hawks and sportsmen. In fact the "homing bird" unites, so to speak, the maximum of intelligence with the maximum of bodily vigour; and his perfection is arrived at by superadding to intense attachment for home the discipline of severe and gradual training. The trial trips of young birds are gradual and progressive, but Smerles "of two years old are capable of returning from Bordeaux to Liège or Verviers, a distance of over 500 miles, in twelve hours, provided the sky be clear and the wind favourable." The same birds perform journeys of from 330 to 380 miles in eight hours. A question arises whether their "homing" faculty is referable to instinct, and Mr. Tegetmeier supports the negative answer with evidence weighty and conclusive. Instinct, he argues, is bestowed upon a whole species, not upon certain individuals of it. Instinct is the same in all cases; e.g. swallows fly south in autumn—but the "homing pigeon" "*dulces reminiscitur Argos*," and makes for it, whether it be north, south, east, or west. Instinct is independent of training, but these pigeons require to be trained stage by stage, or they are certain to be lost. The best of them refuse to fly in a fog, or in the dark. They crave in new localities some known landmark; and hence their gradually increasing gyrations until having descried some familiar object they recollect their route, and fly straight ahead. The objection that no pigeon can possibly see for two hundred miles ahead is met by the details of aeronautic experience. Mr. Glaisher, half a mile aloft in air, could embrace in his "bird's-eye" view the course of the Thames from the Nore to Richmond, and Mr. Wheelwright (the *Old Bushman*, p. 93), though puzzled to account for the flying pigeon's "homing," across seas—as from London to Antwerp, which can offer no landmark—is disposed to attribute their power of doing so to their habit of soaring round, circling, and beating about until, sooner or later, they can descry their familiar guide-posts. An "Antwerp," if it knows its way, wastes not a moment on preliminary circles. "Homing," Mr. Tegetmeier concludes, is not the result of *instinct*, but of *observation*; it is possessed, not

quia sit divinitus illis

Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major;

but because uncommon intelligence and strong love of home combine to make this bird receptive of memorial training. There are, of course, cock-and-bull stories of homing pigeons. Pigeon lore is as fine a field for a hoax as poultry gossip. We have a set off against M. de Sora's horse-fed poultry establishment in the story of the pigeons given by Miss Dunlop of Annan Hill to Sir John Ross, which were fabled to have come back from Arctic regions to the vicinity of their home in Ayrshire, over polar seas and primeval ice. But there were hitches in the story. These birds were dis-

\* *Pigeons: their Structure, Varieties, Habits, and Management.* By W. D. Tegetmeier, F.Z.S. London: Routledge & Sons. 1867.



covered not at home, but near home, because, it is said, their dove-cot, being under repair, was shut. But the pigeon is known to cling to its home even till it is nearly famished. Again, one wing of one of the birds showed tokens of having had charge of a letter, for its feathers were ruffled. Unluckily, letters are no more entrusted to pigeon's wings than to pigeon's tails, but, after being written on fine tissue paper, are wound round the leg with a thread of silk. Doves' wings, like doves' beaks, convey letters only in fiction. But, independently of these considerations, the thing was impossible. Two thousand miles over frozen regions, for birds that would object to snow as much as to fog, is a different thing from a race of six hundred miles from St. Sebastian to Verviers—a wonderful race even in fine weather and clear sky, from which, according to Mr. Galloway (p. 96), but seventy pigeons out of two hundred returned, though all were of the best breed and in the best training. But without any "caviare" of lying wonders, the history of these "homing birds" is intensely interesting, and we commend our readers to Mr. Tegetmeier's exhaustive pages.

In pigeon-fancying, the rules as to beaks are a trifle arbitrary. The English Carrier is nothing unless he has a long, straight beak; the short-faced Tumbler cannot have his beak too short or too small. Accordingly, we read in this volume of the comparatively harmless expedient of straightening the young Carrier's beak by pressing a worn shilling against the upper mandible while the bone and horn is tender, and of the crueller process of paring the Tumbler's beak below the standard with a penknife. There are tricks in every trade, and amongst those which seem less harmless in pigeon-fancying, that of "trimming the Nuns"—i.e. weeding out the dark feathers that are blemishes in the white hood and body of that pigeon—is perhaps the most venial. A famous Nun-breeder, the Rev. A. G. Brook, is quoted as pleading guilty to this charge. Moore, in his *Columbarium*, and the author of the *Treatise* of 1765, mention two other artifices which it is to be hoped are things of a more barbarous age, no longer resorted to. To keep a Carrier from being "peg-wattled" or tilting its wattle forward from the head, people artificially raise the hinder part of it, fill it up with cork, and fasten it in again with wire, so as to take in non-adepts. And to "coax the hood and chain," as the phrase went, of the Jacobine—in other words, to make the lower range of inverted feathers reaching down on each side of the neck as close and compact as possible—pigeon-dealers, we read, used not only to clip the feathers, but to cut a piece of skin out between the throat and neck, and sew it up again, by which means the chain was drawn closer. Let us hope that in these days such a practice is obsolete.

We have been unable to dwell upon many points of interest, and have confined ourselves to a few of the more salient. Much is to be learnt by those who consult this volume, not only about the peculiarities of each variety, but also the best modes of housing them, and treating them in health as well as in sickness. The old farmyard dove-cote is a thing of the past; and the best arrangement seems to be a loft looking south, with a wire-cage outside a window on a platform, and a falling door, closed by a string from within, for ingress or egress. A square dropping hole in the top, or a bolting-wire, described in p. 42, may be suggested as accommodations for birds that knock in late, and need a latch-key. A Pouter's pen needs to be exceptionally high and roomy; and the great secret of success, in all breeds, is thorough sanitary arrangements. Scrofula, arising out of neglect of these, is as dire a curse to the pigeon tribe as to the human "featherless biped."

But that it is not domesticable, and therefore does not come under the scope of Mr. Tegetmeier's treatise, a pretty and interesting chapter might have been devoted to the Cuckoo or Wood-pigeon, which builds in our shrubberies, and soothes the air with its woodland note. Our author has, however, thoroughly accomplished the task which he undertook, and produced a book upon "Pigeons" in every way entitled to a place alongside of his admirable and universally-accepted work upon Poultry.

#### CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON I.\*

A REPORT to the Emperor from the latest Commission entrusted with the publication of this correspondence opens the twenty-first volume with a reiteration of the principles upon which the work is being edited. Mere repetitions of the same thought or the same details are purposely avoided by the omission of particular letters, but no document that it is thought right to publish at all suffers any modification or mutilation whatever:—

Nous donnons les textes avec une scrupuleuse et même minutieuse exactitude. Nous tenons à le rappeler pour rendre tout malentendu impossible. Que votre Majesté veuille bien remarquer à quelle épreuve nous soumettons la mémoire de Napoléon I<sup>er</sup>; nous mettons en pleine lumière tous les actes de son gouvernement, nous découvrons le secret de ses pensées les plus intimes.

It is something to be assured that what is published stands exactly as it came from Napoleon's mind; but the implied assertion, that nothing is left unpublished except mere repetition of detail, requires a stronger confirmation than the editors would probably wish to spend upon it. The light thrown upon the acts of Napoleon's Government does not impress us with the sense that it is all-pervading. The various clues of his enormous correspondence are followed out with a plausible continuity; but it is difficult to believe that some events of which no trace is found in the correspondence were in fact passed over by the Emperor in absolute silence. When

M. Lanfrey's *Life of Napoleon* has reached a stage of parallelism with these later volumes of the Imperial correspondence, we scarcely expect that persistent investigator of historical truth to guarantee the substantial exhaustiveness of the published selection. We do not mean to say that Napoleon's portrait has been purposely drawn, as Cromwell's once was, without the warts; but we are left with an impression that only such warts have been reproduced as to the editors appeared consistent with the general grandiose effect of the great Imperial figure.

Whether, however, we have all Napoleon, or only a part of him, before our eyes in this correspondence, the result is very striking. The most careful selection could not have created such an outline, and filled it out with such details, if the qualities which compel admiration had not been there. It is possible that a fuller comparison with his more private letters might have brought out in stronger relief the moral idiosyncrasies of Napoleon, which are here left in very faint shadow, and which were not altogether admirable. But the intense energy of intellect, the power of looking right through a subject to its further end, while at the same time attending to and directing its minutest details, the strength and swiftness of vision, joined with the broad grasp of execution, are the features in which the Napoleon dynasty would naturally wish its founder's memory to be perpetuated. While the small and true personal touches of character which went to make up the full likeness of the man drop by degrees into a darker oblivion, from which only the labour and skill of some future Carlyle can rescue them, the grand and sharp outlines preserved in this voluminous correspondence will by equal degrees stamp themselves upon popular belief as the most authentic portrait of the Emperor. For all but the most searching historical students, the carefully weeded selection of documents will, by the very lapse of time, grow into the exclusive repository of evidence at first hand; and worldly wisdom will be justified of her children.

Perhaps the most peculiar touch of Napoleon's character imprinted on every page of these volumes is the intensity with which he conceived, and forced others to conceive, of himself as the centre of the whole life of Europe. *L'État c'est moi* is but a faint foreshadowing of the autocratic egotism of the great Consul who had turned the French Republic into an Empire. Whether writing to Eugène as Viceroy of Italy, to the Kings of Spain, Naples, or Westphalia, addressing the Corps Législatif, the delegates for some newly annexed foreign province, or even the Czar of all the Russias, the tone is still the same. The theme of almost every letter, under every possible variety of detail, is at bottom this:—"Your motto, whether you like it or not, is to be, The French Empire before everything. I understand better than you or anybody else the policy which is best for you, and I intend you to carry it out. If you do not, take care lest the rights and interests of the French Empire should compel me to (as the case may be) absorb, annex, depose, conquer, or annihilate you." This uncompromising belief in his own destiny was the sincerest quality of Napoleon's character. And his desire to be, and not only to seem, the centre of everything is equally visible in all his letters to the subordinate mechanics in his great military hierarchy. The minutest knowledge on every material point touching the offensive or defensive power of France between the Niemen and the Tagus was to be communicated to him in person. If he was not positively jealous, after his arrival at empire, of any brilliant success that one of his marshals might achieve beyond the sphere of his immediate inspiration, he never persuaded himself to trust any one of them implicitly. They were all liable to be rated as unprofitable servants for the smallest use of their personal discretion, wherever the result failed to correspond with the scheme that Napoleon had laid down. His confidential aides-de-camp were incessantly busied in travelling incognito through the different provinces of France and the countries of Europe, minutely and secretly reporting their observations to the Emperor direct. The instructions to this class of his agents are given with remarkable precision. "You will go to Ré, to Rochelle, to the Illyrian provinces, to Switzerland, to Holland, to Dantzic, or elsewhere; you will stay so many days at this fortress or that arsenal, in this town or in that district; you will observe this and that material fact, the disposition of the people or the capabilities of the country in such and such respects; you will assume such and such a character, and you will write to me every day"—such is the type or common form of a number of letters in these volumes. Part of the results of these roving commissions is probably reproduced in another typical form—the short and sudden letter from the Emperor to the head of any department in which he has found some fault or abuse; written with the object of showing in the most incisive style that the Emperor knows a great deal more about the special business of the office than the Minister himself. Such a method of absolute centralization may have tended powerfully to excite a personal zeal in those who worked immediately under the Emperor's eye. It could not and did not supply the place of a good administrative system. The Imperial Commission, as in duty bound, lays down as an incontrovertible historical fact that "quand Napoléon I<sup>er</sup> donnait un ordre, il en surveillait lui-même l'exécution"; and the popular belief has been that this axiom is true. It is only when we read the accounts of the Duc de Fezensac and other officers personally employed in Napoleon's campaigns, that we discover that the Emperor's orders were as often as not left unexecuted, and indeed were practically incapable of execution, for want of an organized staff competently provided with the means of performing the duties which the Emperor's fiat imposed upon them. The threads of his vast Imperial Government, civil and military, were gathered tightly in

\* Correspondance de Napoléon I<sup>er</sup>. Tomes 21-22.

the hands of one man. A pull from the centre caused a strain to be felt through the inner lines of the web, but failed to disentangle a knot in the remoter circles, in which there resided no sufficient independence or power that might of itself unravel the difficulty.

Here and there in the Imperial correspondence the subject-matter of this intense love of personal interference is so trivial as to make its manifestation almost ridiculous in a series of grave historical documents. For the sake of the familiar *redingote grise*, we are content to find only a businesslike economy in the microscopically minute budget of the authorized Imperial wardrobe drawn out by Napoleon himself. Notes to his Minister of Police, filled with sharp invective against the imbecility of editors whose newspapers circulated gossip about the Empress's canary-bird or the Emperor's presence at a masked ball, argue the irritable pettiness of temper which small annoyances are apt to evoke in a busy despot who could lose a battle with equanimity. But where the problem is worthy of Imperial labour—as, for instance, the creation of a new navy, or an engineering operation to make the existing fleet more effective—nothing can surpass the clearness with which it is handled. In 1810, Napoleon's mind was busy in superintending and pressing forward the construction of war vessels at once in the ports of France, Holland, Naples, Tuscany, and North Italy. His eye ranged over the map of Europe to supply masts for the hulls of his frigates in embryo, and crews to man them. He knew thoroughly what he wanted, and how far off the accomplishment of his devices was. The exact state of forwardness of every keel laid down in every building-yard belonging to himself or to one of his subject kings was constantly reported to him, and his cry was still for more. In two years he calculated on possessing a fleet of a hundred and four ships of the line, with transport flotillas on the Scheldt, at Boulogne and Cherbourg, and in the Mediterranean, capable of carrying as many as two hundred thousand men, and throwing large armies into Egypt, Ireland, or elsewhere; in which case, as he remarks to his Minister of Marine, Decrès—"The English would find themselves in a very different position from that which they occupy to-day. That is my plan of campaign for 1812." Had not the Russian expedition come in the way, our fathers would have had to watch or to meet a maritime combination far more formidable than the Boulogne expedition by itself ever threatened to be. *Dis aliter visum.*

It has generally been said that Napoleon judiciously estimated the conduct of his generals in the Spanish Peninsula by the reports Wellington made of them. It appears from other sources besides this correspondence that he habitually relied mainly on the English journals for his latest and best news from the Peninsular seat of war. Neither the British newspapers nor the British public were in the secret of the Torres Vedras lines in the autumn of 1810, before Wellington's army retired within them, or Napoleon might perhaps have been tempted to throw his giant's strength more fully upon Portugal, and measure himself personally with Wellington, as he had with Sir John Moore. When neither the Government, the press, nor the people of England had any strong belief that Wellington would be able to maintain a footing in the Peninsula, it was not unnatural that Napoleon should have sanguinely calculated to a few days the time in which Massena would be able to drive Wellington's army into the sea. On the 10th September, 1810, the Emperor ordered Massena to fall on boldly and "culbute" the English, who had less than half his numerical strength. "Il est certain que l'ennemi est hors d'état de résister." On the 3rd of November he sends orders to be carried out "directly the English have embarked"; and on the 7th gives instructions to his Minister at Madrid, on the hypothesis that the French army is already in Lisbon, and the English driven out of Portugal. His last news at this date from the English journals, "mettaient les deux armées en présence, le 15 Octobre, à cinq lieues de Lisbonne." A fortnight later, he had become aware, from the same source, of the block to Massena's advance, and the difficulties into which that advance had brought him, and wrote to Soult, "pour lui faire connaître ce que disent les Anglais de l'armée de Portugal, et lui faire comprendre l'importance de faire une diversion en faveur de cette armée."

(To be continued.)

#### JEANIE'S QUIET LIFE.\*

IT is refreshing to come across a novel in which a real sustained effort is made, by a tolerably competent person, to excite the interest of readers simply by the minute and conscientious representation of a limited number of *dramatis personæ*, picturesquely grouped, with only so much plot introduced as shall suffice to give coherency to the story. All fiction, as well as history, resolves itself into the narration of events and the circumstances in the midst of which the events occur. *Ceteris paribus*, according as the circumstances or events predominate, the reader gets a clear or indistinct view of the persons of whom the narrative is told. To discard the multiplication of events, the easier part of the construction of a novel, and to dwell principally upon the circumstances, as has been done in the present work, is a bold but generally a successful plan. Such an effort is wont to have a bracing effect upon the imagination of the writer, and brings with it its own reward. When it is once determined to give up the search after a new complication of mysteries and crimes, a search begins after interesting natural objects and forms

of character as yet unrepresented in fiction. Natural objects have the double advantage of being comparatively easy of representation, while at the same time they are always full of interest if copied with fidelity. The Pre-Raffaellite school of fiction has, perhaps, given them of late years rather an undue amount of prominence, but its worst excesses can never succeed in utterly depriving them of human interest. Character-drawing is, of course, more difficult. Descriptions of nature and the sequence of events may be treated and arranged in a more or less conventional manner without detection; but a character cannot, as a rule, be so successfully modified as the plot and style of a favourite writer. It is harder to steal, and far more unmanageable when obtained. The consequence is that the intending novelist who renounces sensationalism is reduced to one or other of two courses. Characters must either be invented, or acquaintances must be used for models. Considering the inexhaustible diversities of disposition which must come under the daily observation of the most secluded of authors, it does at first sight seem strange that the discovery of anything approaching a new character in fiction should be comparatively so rare an occurrence. The fact, however, is easily explained. Most novelists elect to adopt the inventing method, and trust to their supposed knowledge of human nature in the abstract to carry them through any difficulties that may arise. As the ideas of commonplace persons are wonderfully similar on this as well as other subjects, the result is that very vexatious uniformity of badness which characterizes nine-tenths of the novels of the season.

In the three volumes before us we have three distinct classes of characters—the first drawn directly from life, and represented in a remarkably lifelike and humorous manner; the second, of a kind more difficult to determine, being apparently composed of human elements which have undergone a refining process of idealization to fit them for the rôle of heroines; the third, of a very inferior description, which seem to have been either purely invented, or else constructed from second-hand knowledge. The latter are few in number, far fewer than are generally to be found in a novel, and their presence is a scarcely necessary proof of the wisdom which the author has displayed in confining the story within strict limits, and introducing as few figures as possible into the canvass. These unsatisfactory performances are all pictures of men, as was perhaps to have been expected from a lady-novelist who does not treat the opposite sex either from a humorous or commonplace point of view—the two modes of treatment which her predecessors have generally found the easiest and most successful, and which when adopted in this very novel in the case of Mr. Mallinson, the dissenting baker, have been productive of a very satisfactory result. It is in the niceties of observation, the delicate representation of little obvious tricks of speech and manner, resulting in a good-natured caricature, that the strength of our second-class lady-novelists seems particularly to lie when they are engaged upon the delineation of male character. When they come to the description of the various motives which lead a man to adopt certain lines of conduct, and begin to lay bare the inmost recesses of his breast, all but the very best of them are getting upon dangerous ground. And when they attempt to idealize him they are entering upon a still more perilous course, and are pretty sure to end by creating a priggish kind of dummy, instead of the intended interesting angel. In the present novel, Graham Lyneton, the father of one of the heroines, and Maurice Demeron, the faithless lover of the other, are examples of an inability on the part of the author to deal successfully with a complication of motives; while Hugh Deeping, the hero of the story, a somewhat shadowy and dollish personage, is a standing warning to future authors that, though a fair amount of careful workmanship given to the delineation of a character from which much of the humanity is abstracted may redeem it from utter insignificance, it can never succeed in investing it with any great amount of interest. The descriptions of all three of the above-named gentlemen are, it is true, quite free from any gross outrages upon probability, but at the same time there is not sufficient substance in any of them to enable the reader to get a clear and definite vision of the person represented. They seem to belong to an epicene order of characters, and had they been labelled as females, and very slightly modified, would have been scarcely less lifelike than they are at present.

In the delineation of female character the author seems to us far more uniformly successful. Mrs. Mallinson, the talkative baker's wife, and her flashy vulgar daughter Sarah Matilda, are thoroughly well drawn, and though necessarily verging upon caricature, are none the less full of vitality on that account. And the collection of gossips who inhabit the little village of Lyneton Abbots, and form a kind of chorus to the story, consisting of "the lawyer's wife, and the doctor's wife, and the bachelor clergyman's unmarried sister, and the maiden ladies who were gifted with discernment of character," are invariably productive of amusement whenever they make their appearance. But the figure which, from its strong individuality and the hold which it has evidently taken on the writer's imagination, is calculated to make the firmest impression on those of her readers, is Gwendoline Lyneton, a beautiful, grave, quiet, and self-controlled lady, distrustful of others from her own conscious rectitude, acting always with gracious courteous ways to all, but hopelessly proud, self-immersed, and unsympathetic. Most of her characteristics are described as being the results of race, fostered and exaggerated by the education she has undergone. She is eminently qualified for the part which she plays in the story, which is that of trusting implicitly for many

\* *Jeanie's Quiet Life.* By the Author of "St. Olave's," "Janita's Cross," "Alec's Bride," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1868.



years to the constancy of a lover, who jilts her at last from the lack of a little of the self-control of which she has so great a superabundance, and who, just in time to prevent his marrying her rival, is killed by an accident when out shooting—the only incident in the whole novel with which a hater of sensationalism can find the slightest fault. Her niece Jeanie, who gives her name to the story, is kept rather in the background, and makes a very pretty unpretending little heroine. The scene shifts backwards and forwards from the little village of Lyneton Abbots to a street in the great manufacturing town of Oresbridge. The two places are very close together, so close that

Sauntering through Lyneton Abbots after nightfall, you might see the hot breath of a hundred furnaces lighting up the eastern sky as with the glow of some tremendous conflagration. And when all was still round the old homestead—when the hum of village life had hushed itself away—when the last note of thrush or blackbird had ceased from the tree-tops, and the little children were sleeping peacefully in their cradles, rocked with a mother's gentle lullaby, you might stand in that grassy foot-road between St. Hilda's church and the griffin-guarded gateway, and hear far off the many voices of the great town, the tramp of its myriad feet, the roar of its furnaces, the thunder of its hammers, the wail of its sadness, and the tumult of its mirth, all softened down into a murmur as of distant waves breaking and rolling back again into the wide ocean—a murmur which even the flutter of a bird's wing in the leaves overhead, or the sighing of wind might overpower, so dim was it and indistinct, though telling of so much labour and sorrow.

As may be judged from the above extract, the book is written in a very light and graceful manner, slightly diffuse, but occasionally eloquent and pathetic. Many of the pictures of country life are very pretty, and some of the love-scenes have a great deal of poetry in them, an element which of late years has been rather conspicuous by its absence in realistic novels. On one occasion when Gwendoline is waiting patiently for her lover, who is fighting in India, a very good point seems at first sight to have been made by the clergyman's reading, in the first lesson one Sunday, the verse:—"Jacob served seven years for Rachel his wife, and they seemed to him but a few days for the love which he had to her." The scene, of course, recalls a familiar one in *Esmond*; but a reference to the Prayer-book brings to light the disappointing fact that the verse does not occur in the lessons appointed for any Sunday throughout the year, and that therefore the occurrence of any such scene in real life could only be brought about by extreme remissness on the part of the officiating clergyman. Of course the inaccuracy is a very trifling one, but it is a good example of several similar little lapses which occur in the course of the story, and detract in some degree from its reality. But, upon the whole, the absence of any startling defiances of probability, and the occasional introduction of very natural episodes, give to the book a vitality which distinguishes the productions of but few of our contemporary novelists. The *dramatis personæ* are most of them calculated to please, if not very deeply to interest the majority of readers. And in the representation of one or two of them at least, the author has shown a real creative power, and has given us perfectly new and original characters. And the design on which the story is constructed displays such a conscientious effort in the right direction, to excite the interest of readers simply by legitimate means, that the book would have deserved a certain amount of praise had the faults in it been far more numerous than they are. As it is, it may be certainly recommended as superior to the ordinary run of novels—how superior only those can tell who have suffered from the mental dyspepsia consequent upon a long perusal of the very unreadable and unlettered performances which are sometimes with such fine irony dignified with the title of "light literature."

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

**M. VICTOR DE LAPRADE'S** remarkable volume entitled *Du Sentiment de la Nature avant le Christianisme*, which was published a little more than a year ago, could not but create a great sensation in the two rival camps of spiritualism and materialism. By the former it was viewed as a decisive blow struck at objectionable doctrines, whilst the latter felt the more irritated against it because they could not possibly deny the talent with which M. de Laprade controverted the fashionable theories of the day. Hence an immense number of criticisms and objections which our author examines successively in the preface of his new volume.\* He has been reproached, in the first place, for identifying the several epochs in the world's history with one or other of the fine arts, and for calling our age, for instance, the "age of music." Such a criticism is, we think, simply childish, because M. de Laprade never intended to say that architecture, sculpture, painting, and music were exclusively cultivated during the periods to which he severally refers them. All he meant was that each of these arts may be considered as supplying respectively the characteristics of certain definite epochs; and, with M. de Laprade's position thus stated, we do not see what fault can be found with his second assertion—namely, that "music is the sensual art par excellence." If it is a paradox, it must at least be admitted that philosophers who do not generally labour under the suspicion of spiritualism—M. Taine, to quote only one—unhesitatingly endorse it. M. de Laprade is also accused of ignoring the greatness of science, and of vehemently denouncing it. This complaint merely shows what are the pretensions of modern materialists. Their motto is *tout ou rien*. They will be satisfied with nothing

short of the concession that science has the "promise both of the world which now is and of that which is to come." Our author just ventured to assert that there is a system of knowledge the claims of which are superior to those of chemistry and metallurgy; *in deo*. Finally, M. de Laprade is blamed for treating within the compass of two volumes a subject boundless in extent. To such objectors it may be answered that so long as the proportions of a work are duly observed, and the development assigned to each part measured according to its importance, there is no reason for complaint. M. de Laprade's new volume comprises a very interesting sketch of European imaginative literature from the beginning of the middle ages to our own times. The principal writers of Italy, France, Germany, and England are reviewed in succession, and the estimates which our author gives of them are distinguished by much impartiality. The eighth book, concluding the work, is a statement of principles. M. de Laprade observes that in our day nature is studied from an anti-Christian point of view. The champions of modern science repudiate the notion of supernatural principles, and their aim is nothing else than to eliminate from the vocabulary of philosophers both the words and the conceptions of God, the soul, moral law, and a future life. In place of these they seek to substitute a *je ne sais quoi* which they call the ideal, but which, as a matter of fact, represents nothing at all. There can be no ideal where the supernatural element is denied, and this, in our author's view, is the reason why at the present day every branch of fine art has degenerated. Science itself would profit by a reaction which brought back harmony between the various subdivisions of human knowledge.

The interesting volume which M. Marius Topin has just published†, after contributing portions of it to the *Correspondant*, was originally designed as a biography of the Abbé de Polignac, or rather a sketch of his diplomatic career. The Ambassador of Louis XIV. has, however, now been reduced to a mere niche in a gallery of notabilities which includes Popes Innocent XI. and Alexander VIII., Sobieski, King of Poland, Queen Anne, Marlborough, and the *Grand Monarque* himself. M. Topin's purpose was to describe the efforts made by Louis XIV. to establish the Bourbon influence throughout Europe by endeavouring to obtain the Crown of Poland for the Prince de Conti, and that of Spain for the Duke d'Anjou. This latter question had, indeed, already engaged the attention of M. Mignet, but the learned Academician does not go further than the Peace of Nimeguen, and the history of the Congress held at Utrecht still remained to be written. M. Topin has given it in his volume, the elements of which have been derived from the despatches preserved at the Paris Foreign Office, and from printed books of rare occurrence. As for the portion of the volume referring to the Polish question, it is new to most readers, and will be found full of details which are equally curious and important. The first chapter takes us to Rome, and shows us Pope Innocent XI. strenuously opposing the political system of Louis XIV. He dies, however, just at the time when he had joined himself to the enemies of France. After the short pontificate of Alexander VIII., Innocent XII. is elected by the Conclave, and the Abbé de Polignac receives his nomination as French ambassador in Poland. The task which the representative of France had to perform at Warsaw was extremely difficult, and the Prince de Conti's avowed repugnance to accept the brilliant position reserved for him by Louis XIV. added fresh complications to those already existing. Polignac was very unjustly made to suffer for the failure of the whole scheme; he had to spend a considerable time in a kind of exile at his Abbey of Bompont, whence the King sent him, first, as *auditeur de rote* to Rome, and afterwards to represent France at Gertruydenberg. With the eighth chapter of M. Topin's book begins the narrative of the events relating to the Spanish Succession. Our author frequently gives in his notes long extracts from contemporary memoirs, and even transcribes *in extenso* official documents when they contain anything of real importance. The Treaty of Utrecht was not the last diplomatic act in which Polignac took a part, but it was the last which affected the general interests of Europe, and M. Topin merely glances at the remaining incidents in the public career of his hero.

The name of M. F. Huet is not known beyond a very small circle—the circle of those persons who think that the great problems of religion and of life are worth discussing, and that society cannot live *au jour le jour* without certain principles to guide it. As a pupil of the late Bordes-Demoulin, M. Huet had, in the beginning of his intellectual career, adopted the views of what is called Liberal Gallicanism, and endeavoured to reform the Church through the medium of democracy. So bold an effort was hardly calculated to meet with the approbation of the clergy, whilst on the other hand it was viewed by the advanced Republicans as an abortive half measure. Like Lamennais, M. Huet soon severed the last ties which united him to orthodoxy, and he now presents himself before the public as one of the champions of free thought.‡ His position is that all positive religions have long ceased to exercise any influence upon mankind; they are doomed to perish, but what shall we put in their stead? It is clear that an answer to this question would require developments extending far beyond the limits of the duodecimo which M. Huet now publishes. He contents himself for the present with examining

\* *L'Europe et les Bourbons sous Louis XIV.* Par Marius Topin. Paris: Didier.

† *La Révolution Religieuse au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* Par F. Huet. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

\* *Le Sentiment de la Nature chez les Modernes.* Par V. de Laprade. Paris: Didier.

the leading aspects of modern religious criticism, discussing once more the life of Christ, and in a concluding section describing the great features of the intellectual revolution which is modifying so profoundly Judaism, Protestantism, and Roman Catholicism.

M. Létourneau takes matters much more easily. In his view, everything must be swept away, and the science of phenomena alone has the right to make itself heard. His *Physiologie des Passions*\* is the most unblushing apology for materialism which we have as yet met with. Not only does he discard all positive religions as erroneous and mischievous, not only does he affect the greatest contempt for what he calls *à priori* conceptions; but he denies that we are responsible beings, and talks of the freedom of the will as "an old Gothic fortress," which the sciences of craniology and anthropology will pull down for ever. We are merely organized beings a little more liberally endowed than the rest of creation; and the men who commit any crime against society are patients who should be handed over to some accomplished physician. M. Létourneau naïvely observes that the ideas he advocates cannot be introduced amongst us without *une révolution énorme*; such is our decided opinion, too.

Against the theories of physiologists like the author of the book just mentioned M. Caro continues his spirited campaign, both in the lecture-room of the Sorbonne, and in various publications which may be considered as written *résumés* of his oral teaching. Is it true that metaphysical science is now at a discount, and that all the *savants* who have devoted themselves to researches connected with natural philosophy and natural history admit nothing but the results of empiricism? M. Caro thinks not, and he takes care in his work† to distinguish between the experimental school, as he calls it, and the adepts of positivism. Amongst the former we would name principally M. Claude Bernard and M. Chevreul, whose testimony on behalf of metaphysics is the more valuable on account of their high rank in the roll of inductive science. For them there are two distinct sources of knowledge; and as it would be absurd to deny the claims of experimental philosophy where the study of nature is concerned, so no one who is not incurably prejudiced can refuse to acknowledge a certain number of facts the determination of which does not fall in the province of the senses. The main points now contended for by M. Caro are—first, that the positive sciences have no right to supplant metaphysics; secondly, that they are incapable of filling the vacuum which the exclusion of metaphysics would leave. An agreement between the two is perfectly possible, but only on the condition that prejudices shall be set aside in both camps, and that each shall endeavour to investigate facts with the perfectly balanced mind of an Aristotle or a Leibnitz.

M. Jules Claretie has taken up the pen for the avowed purpose of rehabilitating the "Last of the Montagnards,"‡ and of denouncing what he calls "*la détestable réaction Thermidorienne*." He begins his narrative with the death of Robespierre, and takes us as far as the terrible catastrophe of Duroy, Bourbotte, Soubrany, and their friends. M. Claretie is quite right in exposing the immorality of the Thermidorian party, and, generally speaking, of the whole nation; but the question is, what was the original cause of the deplorable want of principle which prevailed everywhere, and whether the *derniers Montagnards* had not to bear the consequences of a state of things brought about by their predecessors Robespierre, Danton, and Saint-Just? At an epoch of national convulsion it almost uniformly happens that the innocent suffer for the guilty; we are therefore quite willing to admit that individually the *derniers Montagnards* may have been inspired by the brightest republican virtues, but it would be absurd to draw from this fact a conclusion in favour of Danton or Robespierre, just as it would be to extol Louis XV. on account of the virtues of his unfortunate successor.

The lectures delivered by M. Baudrimont on the formation of the earth § are interesting, though the author starts from a principle which most *savants* consider to be erroneous. Matter, he says, consists of an infinite number of small indivisible particles called "atoms;" these atoms have existed from all eternity, they are indestructible, endowed with motion, and they react upon one another according to certain laws. Such is the theory by the assistance of which M. Baudrimont endeavours to explain the formation of our globe. He believes that all the mathematical and astronomical forces by which the earth is governed will gradually become weaker and weaker. The heat of the sun must diminish in intensity; the earth, consequently, will become cooler in the same proportion, and its inhabitants will dwindle away until life has entirely disappeared. To such a consummation must we come at last—we, that is to say, the human race; but as several millions of years must elapse before the terrible catastrophe of a universal "freezing-out" takes place, we, men of the nineteenth century, are tolerably safe.

Weapons, offensive and defensive, have also their wonderful story to tell, beginning with the stone implements of remote ages, and ending with the Chassepot rifle. M. P. Lacombe relates that story in detail ||, and M. H. Catenacci's excellent illustrations

\* *Physiologie des Passions*. Par Ch. Létourneau. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Le Matérialisme et la Science*. Par E. Caro. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Les Derniers Montagnards*. Par Jules Claretie. Paris: Lacroix.

§ *Théorie de la Formation du Globe terrestre*. Par A. Baudrimont. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

|| *Les Armes et les Armures*. Par P. Lacombe. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

enable us to study the chain-armour of mediæval knights, the clumsy matchlock of the sixteenth century, and the complicated war costume of the Japanese. One plate gives us the splendid helmet of Ximenes, another places before us the accoutrements of Gonzalvo di Cordova. M. Lacombe is sanguine enough to think that the science of destruction has now been so thoroughly perfected that it must needs stop, frightened by its own results; and he looks forward to the time when even the needle-gun will serve no other purpose than that of adorning the glass-cases of museums and art-collections.

Amongst the newest contributions to Messrs. Hachette's *Bibliothèque des Merveilles* we must also notice an excellent little volume on glaciers and icebergs.\* Messrs. Zurcher and Margollé begin by describing the formation of ice, its uses in the ordinary circumstances of domestic economy, and the ever-increasing consumption of it throughout the civilized world. The laws which regulate the formation of glaciers then come under notice; and finally we have an enumeration of the principal ice depôts, including an account of avalanches, floating icebergs, inundations, &c. Forty-five woodcuts illustrate the work.

The historical sketches put together by Madame De Witt in her *Scènes d'Histoire et de Famille*†, extend from the eleventh to the eighteenth century, and remind us in point of style of Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*. The episodes are six in number. The first gives a picturesque account of Raymond de Saint-Gilles's doings at the first Crusade; the life of Bayard supplies the materials for the next; a third sketch takes us to the Netherlands during the eventful days of the sixteenth century and the rule of the Duke of Alva; then comes a Scotch story, which is supposed to have taken place under the reign of James VI.; and finally, the last two chapters relate to the French establishments in Canada and in India respectively. Madame de Witt's volume will furnish entertaining and instructive reading for young people.

M. de Villemessant's *Mémoires*‡ do not justify the ambitious title which he has given to them. A few curious facts illustrative of contemporary literature and politics appear *rari rantes* in a *gurgite vasto* of Rabelaisian anecdotes about well-known personages and *ces demoiselles*.

Half a dozen pages, instead of two hundred, would have been quite sufficient for the contents of another very pretentious book, the *Questions du Temps* § of M. Philarète Chasles. A portrait of the author is prefixed, and also a biographical sketch, chiefly composed of laudatory extracts from contemporary critics. The whole is got up in a style of elegance which could have scarcely been greater supposing the publisher had undertaken to give an edition, not of M. Philarète Chasles, but of Pascal and La Bruyère.

Malebranche had, in the course of his life, to meet the objections of antagonists who came down upon him armed with all the weapons of strict orthodoxy. Bossuet and Arnauld were the principal of these, and the question of divine grace, and the problem of the origin of our ideas, supplied them with the chief ground of their cavils. But besides the Bishop of Meaux and the great champion of Jansenism, other adversaries also presented themselves—among them the Abbé Simon Foucher, whose works and doctrines form the subject of the present essay.¶ Descartes, as everybody knows, began his renovation of philosophy by a kind of temporary and provisional scepticism which was to disappear gradually as the foundations of our knowledge became firmly established; Foucher, on the other hand, was a sceptic and nothing else, and M. Bouillier in his *Histoire de la Philosophie Cartésienne* describes him as a thinker whose only object was to teach the art of doubting. M. Foucher de Careil goes too far when he calls him a precursor of Kant. M. l'Abbé Rabbe's monograph is a valuable contribution to the history of philosophy. He begins by a short account of Foucher's life and works, devoting two distinct chapters to a statement of the controversy which the philosopher had to carry on with Descartes and Malebranche. The activity of scepticism could not but excite both the attention and the fear of all persons who felt anxious about the relative position of philosophy and theology. Thus it was that Dom Desgabets thought himself bound to enter the lists against Foucher, and to refute the scepticism which that writer propounded with so much talent. A separate chapter has been reserved by M. l'Abbé Rabbe for this part of the subject. Next to the Benedictine Desgabets comes the Protestant Leibnitz, who saw clearly the points on which Foucher was right, and who on many questions adopted his views. Thus he showed that the proof which Descartes gave of the existence of God was incomplete because it assumed, instead of demonstrating, the possibility of a Supreme Being. The appendix of M. l'Abbé Rabbe will be found one of the most valuable portions of his work. It contains an annotated biography of Foucher, his correspondence with Leibnitz, and various fragments from the pen of Malebranche.

M. Blanchard's *Monde des Insectes* ¶ is another specimen of those magnificently illustrated books which of late years have contributed so much to render natural history attractive. The chapters 1—7 of *Le Monde des Insectes* treat of insect anatomy and phy-

\* *Les Glaciers*. Par Zurcher et Margollé. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Scènes d'Histoire et de Famille*. Par Madame De Witt, née Guizot. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Mémoires d'un Journaliste*. Par M. de Villemessant. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Questions du Temps*. Par Philarète Chasles. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

¶ *L'Abbé Simon Foucher, Étude philosophique*. Par l'Abbé F. Rabbe. Paris: Durand.

¶ *Le Monde des Insectes*. Par E. Blanchard. Paris: Germer-Baillière.



biology; and each of the remaining twelve is devoted to the description of a distinct order in the numerous family of insects.

Messrs. de Goncourt remind us, in their new novel\*, of Henry Mürger. They deal with artists; their scenes are taken from a painter's studio, with occasional excursions to the *guinguettes* of the Paris suburbs, and their heroines belong to that class of persons who serve as models either for a Venus or a Virgin, at the rate of five francs a sitting. Under the character of Manette Salomon they have endeavoured to describe the passion for money which can triumph over love, hatred, jealousy, and conscience. Some of the scenes are effectively delineated, and it is evident that the authors must not be confounded with the crowd of romance-writers who amuse the Paris *badouins*. But why will they always select such painful subjects?

M. Amédée Achard had not prepared us for a book like *Les Chânes de Fer*† After *Madame de Sarrens*, le *Duc de Carlepoint*, and so many other agreeable tales, the novel he has just published produces an unpleasant impression. It seems that no author, however clever, can escape from the necessity of paying his tribute to ladies of the *demi-monde*.

As for the three rogues in M. Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*‡, and M. Feydeau's *Comtesse de Châlis*§, who is so depraved that she is treated as a mad woman and shut up in a lunatic asylum, the less said about them the better. M. Feydeau boasts of having described *les mœurs du jour*; let us hope that the manners and morals he depicts are exceptional.

\* *Manette Salomon*. Par E. et J. de Goncourt. Paris: Lacroix.

† *Les Chânes de Fer*. Par Am. Achard. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Thérèse Raquin*. Par Ém. Zola. Paris: Lacroix.

§ *La Comtesse de Châlis*. Par Ernest Feydeau. Paris: Lévy.

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MORNING PERFORMANCES, on Saturdays, February 1, 5, 15, 22, 29, March 7, 14, at Three o'clock. Subscription to Sofa Stalls, £1 10s. for the Seven Concerts. This Afternoon, February 1, Madame Schumann, MM. Straus, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Zerbin, and Piatti will appear. Vocalist, Madame Sainton-Dolby. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 39 New Bond Street. Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.**  
On Monday Evening next, February 3, the Programme will include Schubert's Overture for Stringed and Wind Instruments; Beethoven's Sonata in A major, for Piano and Violoncello; Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, for Piano alone, &c. Executants, Madame Schumann; MM. Straus, Piatti, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Reynolds, Lazarus, C. Harper, and Winterbottom. Vocalist, Miss Julia Elton. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 39 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 49 Chesham; and at Austin's, 39 Piccadilly.

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January 3, 1868.

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Albert Ricardo, Esq.,  
Rowand Ronald, Esq.,  
Samuel Saunders, Esq.,  
J. Bogle Smith, Esq.,  
Edmund Smethwicke, Esq.,  
Philip Vanderbyl, Esq., M.P.

**REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE NATIONAL BANK TO THE PROPRIETORS AT THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**, held at the Bank, Old Broad Street, January 28, 1868: Sir J. N. McKenna, M.P., in the Chair.

The Directors of the NATIONAL BANK have the pleasure of presenting to the Proprietors the Thirty-Third Annual Report of the state of the Society, made up to the close of 1867.

In July last the Directors submitted to the Proprietors their Report for the Half-year ending the 30th June: their present Statement incorporates the Profit and Loss Account for the Two Half-years of 1867, agreeably with precedent heretofore observed.

The Dividends and Extra Dividends payable for the Year 1867 have been declared at the same rates as those paid for 1866.

The following Accounts in the usual form exhibit the state of the Company's Affairs at the close of 1867:

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.—THE NATIONAL BANK, DECEMBER 31, 1867.	
ASSETS.	
Gold and Silver Coin at Branches .....	£560,625 12 8
Cash on hand and at the Bank of England .....	630,622 9 10
Advances on Securities at call .....	751,273 8 10
Government Funds, Exchequer Bills, Exchequer Bonds and Debentures .....	333,136 3 7
Disco Advanced, Parliamentary and other Deposits .....	12,505 0 0
Advances on Securities at sundry dates, and Current Accounts .....	2,562,240 18 5
Bills discounted .....	3,612,319 0 0
Bankers' Guarantees and Securities held against Acceptances per contra .....	188,184 0 0
Bank Premises in London, Dublin, and Branches, freehold and leasehold ..	188,187 2 2
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>£5,615,903 10 2</b>
LIABILITIES.	
Notes in Circulation .....	£1,090,474 0 0
Due by the Bank on Deposits and Current Accounts .....	5,894,486 8 6
Acceptances to Bankers' Drafts and on Security .....	188,184 0 0
Capital Paid-up .....	£1,500,000 0 0
Rest or Undivided Profits at this date .....	543,889 13 9
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>£5,615,903 10 2</b>

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT OF THE NATIONAL BANK FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1867.

Jan. Half-year's Dividend at 8 per cent. per annum .....	£50,000 0 0
With Extra Dividend, 16s. per Share .....	40,000 0 0
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>£100,000 0 0</b>
July Half-year's Dividend at 8 per cent. per annum .....	£50,000 0 0
With Extra Dividend, 16s. per Share .....	40,000 0 0
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>£100,000 0 0</b>
Dec. 31 to balance, being the amount of Rest at this date .....	543,889 13 9
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>£2,043,889 13 9</b>
Rest or Undivided Profits at December, 1866 .....	£560,254 2 11
Net Profit for the Half-year to 30th June last .....	£101,338 10 5
Net Profit for the Half-year to 31st December, 1867, after writing off all Bad and providing for all Doubtful Debts .....	£39,015 0 5
Less Rebate of Interest on Bills not due .....	10,718 0 0
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>£2,297 0 5</b>
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>£2,043,889 13 9</b>

Examined and found correct, [ALBERT RICARDO, [ROWAND RONALD.

Since these Accounts were made up, a Dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the paid-up Capital of the Bank, and an Extra Dividend of 16s. per Share, together £228,889, have been declared on the £5,615,903 shares which constitute the Company's Capital; and the same are now payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Company. The Dividend and Extra Dividend now payable for the Half-year ending December 31, 1867, amount together to £100,000.

The Directors desire to state that the decrease in the Profits of the Half-year is solely due to the low rates which have prevailed for money, particularly on discounts and advances on securities in the City of London.

The Deposit and Creditor balances of customers have increased in the year by £115,453, and the circulation is also slightly in excess of the amount at close of 1866, showing that, notwithstanding the general stagnation of business, there is actual progress to record in some of the most important departments of the business of the Bank.

As the "Rest," which is available to a reasonable extent to equalize Dividends, has been considerably augmented on the average of the last four years, the Directors, in view of the exceptionally low rates of interest which have prevailed for the past Half-year, do not consider it expedient to vary the Ordinary Dividend and Extra Dividend.

The Directors who retire by rotation this year are James Bogle Smith, Esq., Fraser Bradshaw Henshaw, Esq., and Sir Joseph Neale McKenna, M.P., who, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election. Admiral Sir Burton Macnamara, who has been appointed to a rest vacated since last Meeting, also retires by rotation, and, being eligible, offers himself for re-election.

Since the last Annual General Meeting Three Vacancies have occurred by the Retirement of their respected Colleagues, James Allen, Esq., John O'Meara, Esq., and Thomas William Kough, Esq., to whose Vacancies the Directors have nominated respectively, Peter McEvoy, Esq., the Honourable Albert Henry Petre, and Admiral Sir Burton Macnamara. The Appointments of the two former Gentlemen, Mr. Gartlan and the Hon. Albert H. Petre, who do not retire by rotation, require confirmation by the Shareholders.

Since the close of the Year, the Directors have determined on opening at Notting Hill their Sixth Metropolitan Branch, at the request of some of the most influential Inhabitants of the District.

Approved by the Court, ALBERT H. PETRE, Chairman.

London, January 24, 1868.

## THE NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.

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At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.

At 4 ditto ditto ditto 6 ditto ditto

At 3 ditto ditto ditto 3 ditto ditto

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Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.

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J. THOMSON, Chairman.

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The Directors have, therefore, extended the time for receiving Applications for those Shares to Monday, February 21, up to and including which day Applications on the proper Form, and accompanied by a Deposit of Ten Shillings per Share, will be received by the Bankers.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be had from the Bankers, from the SECRETARY, or of any respectable Broker.

GEORGE SAWARD, Secretary and General Superintendent.

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